The Centre Reporter.

VOL { OLD SERIES, XL. NEW SERIES. XIX. | CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1886. | NO. 8

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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Congressman Morrison has introduced a new tariff bill.

Even the Indians call on Gov. Curtin at Washington. The Governor don't feel too big to shake hands with any one.

The funerals of McClellan, Hancock and Seymour are noted for their simplicity as were those of Grant and Garfield for pomp and splendor.

There will be no suspension of silver coinage. The house committee on coinage, weights and measures, by a vote of seven to six, laid on the table the bill for a suspension of the coinage of silver.

The new marriage law should be repealed. While in the hall of the courthouse, the other day, a couple with fear and trembling approached us and inquired, "Where is the place to get a marriage license?"

Judge Hoy, Ch. of Democratic Co. Com., by an oversight, seems to have forgotten to appoint a Committee man for Centre Hall boro. to look after the interests of the party. Perhaps Judge might as well appoint some decent Republican.

Philadelphia is now agitating the question of taking the water works out of the hands of the city and leasing them to a company. In Centre Hall there is some agitation to take the water works from the company and have them given over to the town.

The Fitz-John Porter bill has passed the House, yeas 171; nays 113. The closing debate was enlivened by two brilliant speeches, one by Mr. Phelps and one by Mr. Curtin in favor of Porter. Curtin, in particular, caught the attention of the House by a desultory, but telling speech, full of personal reminiscense and anecdotes.

The Shenandoah victims are likely to remain buried for ever. The officers of the Susquehanna Coal Company are very much afraid that the men constituting the rescuing party at slope No. 1, will within the next 24 hours quit work, as they have reached very close to the point of the cave-in where there is great danger ahead. They have no means of escape should another rush of sand and rock come. Should they refuse to work it is probable that no other men can be found to take their places. Therefore the 26 bodies of the miners who were entombed on December 18 will forever remain in the pit.

The New York *Tribune* affects to see a hand-writing on the wall, equal in significance to that which distributed the political outlook of Belshazzar, in the steady increase of the Prohibition vote, which in New York State grew from 2,359 in 1879 to 30,531 in 1885, and in the whole United States from 5,608 in 1872 to 150,369 in 1884. This vote has progressed with an unremitting increasement that indicates the vitality of the movement back of it.

Jess so. But there are about 10 million voters in the United States and by the time the cold water-drinkers count the half of that a good deal of benzine will be guzzled yet.

The memory of beneficence sometimes stretches backward with a surprising tenacity. So Gov. Courtin must have thought when he was called on at his house in Washington by a delegation of Seminoles, Osages, Creeks and Chickasaws from the Indian Territory, who chose to appeal to him to assist in protecting their treaty rights to their lands, because he was the honorable representative of the State of William Penn. William Penn's bones are dust, but his fair dealing with the Indians is still cited by them as the example of a good man worthy the imitation of a great people. Appealed to in the name of the founder, ex-Governor Curtin promised the Indian spokesman that he would do his best to preserve unimpaired the faith of the Government.—Philadelphia *Record*.

In their report on the relation between the President and the Senate the Democratic minority of the Committee on the Judiciary will show that while the precedents furnished by the records of the Senate are all in favor of that body, the decisions of the courts have suppported the doctrine which the President asserts. The Senate has never acknowledged a doubt of its infalibility, and has always justified its claim to a share in the responsibility for removals as well as appointments to office, but the courts have in numerous cases, which will be quoted by the committee, held that the act of the President could not be questioned by Congress, and expect so far as the law expressly required its concurrence. Senator Pugh has found some very strong arguments in favor of the President's position.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

Mr. Morrison's Tariff bill is not to be regarded as a thorough and symmetrical measure, says the *World*. It was not framed with that end in view, but for the purpose of submitting a plan of improving the situation to Congress which stood some chance of being made a law. It involves no general horizontal reduction after the manner of his last bill, but treats each separately so that it can be intelligently considered. It provides for a reduction of the revenue and hence a lightening of the burdens of the people, and for the desirable removal of duties from certain raw materials which enter into our manufactures.

It mainly affects the revenue by the reduction of the sugar duties. As these taxes are not properly protective, this feature is not pleasing to the Free-Traders, but as it will cheapen an article of almost universal consumption and thus lessen the cost of living it will meet with the approbation of the large majority of the people. The same may be said with reference to salt, which is placed on the free list, and also in regard to coal—a matter of much importance in view of the much-talked-of coal combination. The useless taxes on corn, potatoes, oats, hay and some other agricultural products are removed. They were originally instituted as sops thrown to the farmers, but availed little or nothing, since prices were immaterially affected by them and in most cases they simply cumbered the tariff schedule. Unfinished wood and lumber are made free, an eminently sound provision, as the material is one of universal consumption particularly affecting the working classes. There is no true theory of protection in making the many pay for the profits of the few lumber kings of the Northern forests, and there is no effort being made to preserve our too rapidly disappearing forests anyhow. Mineral ores, hemp, jute and the grasses used in manufactures are placed on the free list; also coarse chemicals and earths used in pottery and paints.

With regard to the reductions in wool, cotton and metals and the various fabrics composed of them it would require experts to comprehend respectively their full forces. Not an interest can be in any way disturbed, whether for the public good or not, without raising an outcry. The discussion over them will be protracted and earnest. But even if in these particulars and others not touched upon at all no improvement can be arrived at, the benefits to be gained from the practicable reforms still remain, and it is to be hoped that they will not be lost sight of. It is a fact not to be refuted that the people are paying more revenue to the Government than is necessary—more indeed than the latter can conveniently dispose of without resorting to unwarranted expenditure. Congress ought to be able to lift this uncalled-for burden from the shoulders of the people.

THE RAILROAD DECISION.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania declaring the Pennsylvania and Reading Railroads under the provisions of the new Constitution, is attracting much attention throughout the country. If sustained it may turn over a new leaf in railroad policy. It is understood the case will be carried on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States on the ground that the decision impairs the obligation of contracts prohibited to the States by the Federal Constitution. The New York *Herald* says of the decision:

If it shall be sustained its importance to the people and corporations of Pennsylvania can hardly be overestimated. It will bring under the absolute control of that Commonwealth not only the two great railroad powers in the State—the Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia and Reading, which were parties to the controversy just decided—but also other corporations similarly situated. The extent of such control will appear from a consideration of the limitations put upon railroad management by the State Constitution of 1873, from whose operation the Pennsylvania, Reading and other companies have hitherto claimed to be exempt.

These provisions require corporations to pay in advance property taken or injured. They forbid consolidation with competing lines. They declare that no railroad company "directly or indirectly prosecute or engage in mining or manufacturing articles for transportation over its works, or in any business other than a common carrier." They prohibit discriminations in charges or facilities for transportation. They make it unlawful for any company to grant free passes to any person except its own officers and employes. In short, they are aimed generally and specifically against familiar railroad abuses.

Nor will the exercise of State control over the corporations which have heretofore claimed xemption be restricted in its importance to that Commonwealth. Operating as it will upon great trunk and interstate lines, its effects must assume a national significance.

A DECISION AFFECTING SEVENTY-FIVE LAW SUITS.

An important opinion and decree was filed by Judge Furst, in Huntingdon, on 18, in a matter affecting 75 suits and a bill in equity pending in Bedford county, and 57 suits in Huntingdon county.

In January, 1870, the Bedford county Bank, at Everett, was established, in which James Bell, P. O. Orbison, Wm. Dorris, John Scott, Thomas Fisher, Geo. W. Garrettson, David P. Gwin, Horatio G. Fisher and John H. Glazier, of Huntingdon, were stockholders. These gentlemen disposed of their stock and withdrew from the bank on or before May 30, 1881. In October, 1884, the bank failed, leaving large liabilities and a great number of creditors. It was then claimed by the latter the Huntingdon stockholders named above were liable for the debts of the concern, not having given notice of their withdrawal, and the large number of suits mentioned were brought against them.

The equity proceeding in Bedford was by the stockholders in that county to compel the Huntingdon stockholders to pay their share of the debts. The defendants in the proceeding made application to the court in Huntingdon by a bill in equity, to have the further prosecution of the suits in Huntingdon county enjoined and restrained until the final decree in Bedford county. In November last, Judge Furst, by special injunction, granted the restraint asked for, and the decree made on 18th instant was upon a motion to continue the injunction. The motion was argued by R. M. Speer and J. D. Dorris, attorneys for the plaintiffs in the bill, and by John Cessna for the defendants. The court dissolved the injunctions and refused to further restrain the plaintiffs from prosecuting their suits. Since the decree a compromise has been made by the parties, settling all the suits and the equity proceedings in both counties, and also about seventy other claims on which suits would have been brought.

Gov. Curtin again made a good speech on the Fitz-John Porter bill, which passed the House the other day. The old war Governor was in his happiest vein of humor. His commanding figure towered erect in the main aisle near his seat and on him was trained every eye in the vast audience. The Governor injected into his bold, Romanesque style of oratory occasional bits of wit and sly strokes, which invariably set the House in a roar of laughter. Every man who interrupted him got the worst of it and sat down discomfited. The Governor collected everybody in the House about him, clerks, pages and all, before he got through, and sat down in a blaze of glory when he had finished. Porter, the ex-Governor said, had been denounced as a traitor. If Porter was a traitor he (Mr. Curtin) was a traitor, and if any one wanted to tell him he was a traitor let him tell it in a corner. The gentleman from Michigan (McCutcheon) had appealed to High Courts of Heaven and had summoned as witnesses Garfield and others who are dead. But General Grant would be there and there would be conflicting evidence before that court. There was not in the history of the country a death so sublime as Grant's. He would be in that court to answer the accusations which the gentleman said would be sustained above. Look out for Grant.

GOWEN TRIPS 'EM UP.

On Saturday in New York a great sensation was created in financial and railway circles by the announcement that President Gowen, of the Reading Railroad Company, had executed a brilliant coup, and on his own account had raised from $10,000,000 to $25,000,000, with which not only to maintain control of the company, but to relieve it of its financial embarrasssments and bring about a thorough organization, without having to ask favors of the much advertised Drexel-Morgan syndicate. He had all the money he needed and millions more; he proposes to push an aggressive campaign; he would look out for Reading himself, and permit no intrusion by unfriendly outsiders; more than the mere payment of the Reading's debts was in contemplation; a new Chicago trunk line with three eastern termini was to be established. Such in brief were the assurances given to crowds of inquirers.

SECOND YOUTH AT 120 YEARS.

St. Catharines, Ont., Feb. 17.—Sarah Taylor, colored, a native of Virginia, died yesterday in the parish of Lowth, in this county, aged 120 years, 11 months and 8 days. Her mental faculties were unimpaired up to her death, and she was in possession of second sight, had a third set of natural teeth, and her hair was quite dark, having changed from white.

DEATH OF REV. J. J. HAMILTON

New Bloomfield, Pa., Feb 21.—Rev. J. Hamilton, the well known Presbyterian minister, familiar to almost every person in this county, died at his residence near Ickesburg, on Friday night.

The coke-workers strike is one of great magnitude in its effects. The action of the coke-workers at their convention at Scottdale, on 18th inst., in resolving to accept no compromise, has had a tendency to increase the bitterness of the struggle and a settlement seems further away than ever. More men are idle now than at any time since the beginning of the strike. Only two small works are in operation and they are not running full. Notices will be posted up by many of the operators on their tenant houses in a few days, making a final demand upon their tenants to vacate their property on March 1, and after that time evictions will likely become general. About 400 Hungarians, armed with rifles, revolvers, hatchets and clubs, marched with military precision through Mt. Pleasant to the Standard Works. It has been reported that work was to begin there same day, and the parade was for the purpose of preventing its resumption. No attempt, however, was made to start the works.

The magnitude of the strike is greater than most people imagine. The amount of capital involved in the coke business from Pleasant Valley to Fairchance would reach $18,000,000. This great sum does not include speculative investment in the coal land, but is the aggregate of the cost price of the different plants of the region. Not only is no interest being made on this great total, but on the other hand more capital is being expended in keeping the property intact from external danger from flooding. The monthly interest is almost $100,000, while it is almost impossible to compute the expense without access to the books

The railroads are losing freightage to the extent of 800 car loads daily, while 2,000 cars on side tracks are bringing no revenue whatever. On the other side about 6,500 laborers engaged in operating the works are losing $9,000 daily in unearned wages, making for the thirty-three working days they have been idle a gross loss of $297,000. Consequential damages to outside employment affected by the strike cannot be computed. Should the strike continue much longer, it will take years for both the capital and the labor to recover the ground lost on both sides during this unfortunate disagreement.

THE ORPHAN SCHOOL SCANDAL

The Harrisburg *Patriot* says there is little in the story of fraud in the management of the Soldiers' Orphan Schools that has not been known for some time to a considerable number of people throughout the state. But to the general public the disclosure made the other day came with the force of a humiliation and surprise. That a set of men could combine to wring inordinate profits out of the flesh and bones of the orphaned children of the country's heroes seems beyond belief, but the facts are convincing that however reluctant the public may be to accept the testimony which they erect, there is no escape from the conviction that a great wrong has been committed.

The methods pursued by the syndicate in compassing this fraud on the children and the state were deliberate and cold-blooded. Having first secured the co-operation of the man who audited the accounts they then proceeded systematically to multiply their profits by increasing the number of pupils under their charge. These steps having proved successful the pinching process was next inaugurated and by crowding vast numbers into meagre quarters, reducing the expenses of maintainance to the minimum figure and limiting the supplies to the cheapest in quality and smallest in quantity, the four men concerned have been able to wring an annual profit of $50,000 a year out of the business.

It is presumable that the Governor will take the necessary steps to end this outrageous fraud without the urging that public sentiment is likely to offer. The proof having been presented that the contracts for the care and education of the wards of the Commonwealth have been violated it is his obvious duty to declare them forfeited. This course will to some extent repair the damage that has been done. But it will not meet the full measure of the public requirement. Dr. Higbee, who is Superintendent of the Schools, has been at least cognizant of the frauds, and the least the Governor can do to show his depreciation of that gentleman's conduct is to demand his resignation. This demand should be made immediately and unequivocally and if it fails to bring a response there should be a removal for cause.

PINCHING ORPHANTS.

A Syndicate Profits from the Wards of the State.

Philadelphia, Feb. 21.—The *Record* will to-morrow publish a six column article on the management of the Soldiers' Orphans' School of Pennsylvania, which alleges not only official discrimination, neglect and corruption, but also that a syndicate is profiting at a rate of $50,000 a year in the management of four of the schools.

The article says: Though the war ended twenty one years ago, and though all the children whose fathers died on the battle field have long since passed their majority, the soldiers' orphans' schools are still maintained by annual appropriations from the Legislature, mainly for the enrichment of a few men whose faces are well known in the lobby at Harrisburg.

The syndicate headed by Ex-Senator George Wright, of Mercer, Pa., profits at the rate of about $50 000 upon the management of four schools located at Mount Joy, Mercer, McAlisterville and Chester Springs. Official discrimination, neglect and corruption have prevailed in that branch of the State Government known as the Department of Soldiers' Orphans.

There is evidence at hand that the Chief Clerk of the Soldiers' Orphans Department, James L. Paul, was participator in the profits of the Mount Joy School, and received checks for three years in succession at the rate of $1,000 a year, all of which was charged up in the books as "loans."

The State does not manage its own schools, but pays a specific amount per week for each child admitted to the schools under private management, and the State laws require that the children shall be fed and clothed in addition to their instruction in educational and industrial pursuits. The express requirements of the law have been literally disregarded. The State inspectors have permitted flagrant abuses to creep in so that the children have not received that treatment which the State contemplated, and for which it roundly paid.

When this fact was called to the attention of the State Superintendent of the Soldiers' Orphans School, Rev. E. E. Higbee, he exclaimed: "I guess they got more than they would have received at home." All regard for the children seems to have been subordinated to a heartless grab for profit, and this evil influence has been carried to such an extent that a premium of $20 a head has been paid to agents to recruit children for various schools. It is because of this competition and because of the comparative scarcity of orphans that the schools are now half filled with children whose fathers are living.

Of the $350,000 appropriated annually by the State to pay for feeding, clothing, and educating these wards of the State, it is calculated that nearly $90,000 is absorbed in excessive profits.

JOHN B. GOUGH DEAD.

The Great Temperance Lecturer Succumbs to Paralysis.

Philadelphia, February 18.—John B. Gough, the well known temperance lecturer, died this afternoon at the residence of Dr. Burns, in Frankford, where he was taken on Monday, when stricken with paralysis, while lecturing in the Frankford Presbyterian church.

John B. Gough was born in England in 1817. In 1829 he emigrated to the United States, and followed the avocation of book-binding in New York where he became notorious for his drunken habits.

In 1852 he took the pledge, and from that time became a changed man. He not only practiced total abstinence, but bezan to advocate the principle from the platform. His powers as a speaker were soon developed, and his reputation as an orator spread through the United States and Canada, in which he traveled and lectured. In Massachuse ts the influence of his oratory was so powerful that his presence and advocacy were eagerly sought; and in the two years succeeding his reformatien he traveled more than 12,000 miles, delivered 605 lectures, and obtained 31,760 signatures to the pledge. In 1853 he proceeded to England where his labors met with equal success. He remained in that country two years, during which time he delivered 440 lectures, and traveled 17,500 miles. As he passed through the country his fame as an orator increased, and thousands of reclaimed drunkards and happy homes gave evidence of the practical value of his labors.

Returning to the United States he again addressed crowded audiences in many parts of the country until 1857, when he a second time visited Great Britain, where he met with additional converts and increased popularity.

THE TROUBLE NOT ALL OVER IN THE COKE REGION.

Pittsburg, Feb. 22.—The Hungarians refused to go to work this morning at the Moorwood and Standard Works at the advance offered by the syndicate. They say they will do no work until their countrymen are released from jail. At Moorwood they swear they will kill any one who attempts to work until Frick & Co. have complied with their demand. The English speaking men are indignant at the Hungarians and will go to work to-morrow regardless of consequences. A special from Connellsville says: The trouble in the coke region is not ended by any means. The men at Donaldson's works near here all went to work this morning, but in one pit they refused to fill the wagons as full as heretofore and the pit bosses refused to haul the cars out.

At a largely attended delegate convention of coke workers, at Scottdale, it was decided to accept the advance offered by the operators and return to work at once. In a minority report the Hungarians decided to stand out until all the prisoners are released from jail. Among other matters discussed was store orders and large wagons, but the miners agreed to return to work and let these matters be adjusted under the law.

There is war between the temperance people and liquor dealers in Clearfield county on the license question. Many of the business men have been deterred from signing license applications by threats of boycotting and the liquor dealers are resorting to the same mode of warfare to protect their interests. The license court meets next month, and there will be lively times.

LOCKED IN A FREIGHT CAR.

Four Days In Freezing Cold With Raw Corn for Food.

A young man is in the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital, New York city, who has just made a journey he will remember all his life. This is the story he tells:

"My name is Wm. Rutherford, and I am 20 years old. I was born in Londonderry, Ohio, where my father has a farm. I am a tanner by trade. We are poor and never had much money. Of late our place has paid even less than usual and I started about ten months ago, to find a place which my father and I might work on the shares with the owner. I had no money but went about sleeping in barns and sheds and getting food as best I could. When I started out I had a silver watch, but being fond of music, I traded it off for a violin. When I got 25 miles beyond the state line of Indiana I started back. Last Friday I struck Dayton, tired, hungry, discouraged and without a cent. On a switch was a freight train, which I heard was going to Columbus, 50 miles from Londenderry. Finding one of the cars open, I crawled in and found it half filled with corn. Then I heard a man close the door. I ate some of the corn and soon fell asleep. When I awoke the train was in motion. I ate more of the corn and felt thirsty. At last when the train stopped I pounded on the door with a stick. I heard a man come along and he seemed to be writing with chalk on the outside of the car. I hammered away with the stick and begged the man to let me out. 'There must be a tramp in this car' I heard him say to some one.

"Then he went away. I pounded and yelled, but no use. At night the train started on. I heard the tramp of the brakemen on the roof, and I beat with my stick to attract their notice. They answered by stamping, and once in a while I could hear them laugh, but no help came. It was dark in the car but I could tell the difference between night and day. For a while I played on my fiddle, but at last I got so cold, hungry and thirsty that I could play no longer. I ate the corn until my mouth got sore. It was fearfully cold. Always when the train stopped I tried to make people hear me, but never succeeded, although I heard voices outside. This morning when I opened my eyes the door of the car was open. I crawled out, no one seeing me, and found that I could scarcely move. There was no feeling in my legs. Looking around, saw two big grain elevators and a wide river. I hadn't the least idea where I was. I walked slowly on and entered a little saloon and asked a woman where I was. She said, 'in New York, of course.' Then I tried to tell her that I was a stranger, cold and hungry, but I felt almost unconscious. I remember being put into the ambulance which brought me here. The doctor told me that my legs were frozen, but it would not be necessary to amputate them. When I am better Superintendent Keogh will send me home. My fiddle I left in the saloon."

BARBAROUS INHUMANITY.

[Topeka Commonwealth.]

A terrible story of inhuman cruelty reaches this city. During the storm a man, his wife and child were driving towards Kinsley, Kas., from the south, in one of the fearful blizzards which have characterized the weather for the past few days. Reaching a house the man asked for shelter, but the inhuman wretch who owned the house refused to permit either his wife or child to take shelter. The man begged and pleaded, but all to no avail. His wife was then unconscious and the babe was in the same condition, but both are said to have been alive. The man told them he would not accommodate them and said three miles further on they could probably receive protection. The poor man resumed his position on the wagon and started off. The next morning all three were discovered half a mile from the house frozen to death. The mother had the babe close to her bosom as if in the act of hugging it. The poor father still held the lines in his stiff hands.

Judge Wilson, of Clarion, in his instructions to Constables takes occasion to impress upon that class of officials the importance of realizing the responsibilities that rest upon them. The Judge holds that Constables are bound to discover and return violations of the liquor laws, wagering or betting on elections, gambling houses and common gamblers, and "all other crimes and wrongs tending to corrupt the morals of a community." He further announces that a Constable's willful failure to make such returns renders him liable to indictment for the crime of perjury. Under this ruling few Constables do their duty.

A $1,000,000 FIRE.

Wilmington, N. C., Feb. 21.—A disastrous fire occurred in the business portion of this city this afternoon, the loss from which will probably exceed $1,000,000.

The miners of the Clearfield region will hold a convention at DuBois, on March 9, to consider the question of wages.

Huntingdon county is passing through a Prohibition period, acting on license applications having been postponed until April. The war, however, between the cold-water drinkers and the would-be dispensers of alcoholic beverages goes on the same.

Judge Rowe, of Chambersburg, does not approve of subterranean saloons. He requires all applicants for license to guarantee that their bars will be above ground.

Wait for Me.

Seaward runs the little stream
Where the wagon-r cools his team,
Where, between the banks of moss,
Stands the stepping-stones to cross,
O'er them comes a little maid,
Laughing not a bit afraid;
Mother, there upon the shore,
Crossed them safely just before,
  This the little lassie's plea—
  Wait for me, wait for me!

Ah, so swift the water runs—
One false step, 'twas all undone;
Little heart begins to beat,
Fearing for the little feet,
Soon her fears will all be lost,
When the stepping-stones are crossed,
Three more yet on which to stand—
Two more-one more-then on land!
  'Tis the little lassie's plea—
  Wait for me, wait for me!

Ah, for you, my laughing lass,
When the years have come to pass
May One still be near to guide
While you cross Life's river wide,
When no helping hand is near,
None, if you should call to hear—
Think, however, far away,
Mother still knows all you say;
  E'en in heaven heeds your plea—
  Wait for me, wait for me!

ESSIE.

"If I only had a piano!"

Even as the wish rose almost unconsciously to her lips, Essie Trowbridge blushed a deep crimson tint, and shy eyes looked out half frightened from under the long lashes.

"A piano!"

The depth of sarcasm in John Trowbridge's voice justified the shrinking of his little daughter-in-law.

"A piano! Wouldn't you like a diamond necklace or a carriage with four horses? This is one of the results of a plain farmer marrying a fine lady!"

"I was not a fine lady when Henry married me, only a hard working district school teacher," said Essie, "and he was kind and good, and never sneered at me because I loved music and pictures, and—and—all the other pleasures I had before my father died!"

"Well, there, there—don't cry," said the old man hastily. "I did not mean to hurt your feelings. Harry was—"

But there the father choked, too; for was not Harry, his only child, the very idol of his old heart, lying in the churchyard, and the six months' widow sobbing beside him?"

She rose softly from her seat, and crossing to where her father-in-law sat, said gently:

"I will not try you again by extravagant desires. I know how good you are to me, and I will try to learn to be a better farmer's girl!"

"You are a very good girl, a very good girl," was the reply, "and it is only natural you should hanker for what you've been brought up to having. But pianos costs hundreds of dollars, and I have none to spare, Essie. I can't get round the farm as Harry did, and I have had him to lean upon so long that things go crooked enough without him!"

Essie sighed, caressing the snowy hair her shy, brown eyes full of trouble. She knew that the farm was suffering for the master hand and eyes lying folded forever, and she longed to be of some use to the father she had promised Harry to love and comfort.

But she was only twenty, city bred and reared in luxury. Just one year she taught a district school after her father died a bankrupt. Then Harry Trowbridge, the handsome, tender farmer, who met her in the country-houses where she "boarded round," told her his love and won the sweet, pure heart's affection.

Only a few month's after the wedding when Essie was conquering one by one the difficulties of farm housekeeping, Harry fell from a hay-wagon and was fatally injured.

In the few hours of life granted him, his one desire was to keep his father and his young wife together, to love and comfort each other.

"You will give Essie a home when I am gone," he begged, when his father bent over him.

"While I have a roof to cover me," was the answer.

"You will not leave my father utterly childless?" he whispered, when Essie put her cheek to his to hide the tears that would fall.

"I will never leave him while my love is any comfort," she answered.

And in the first days of mourning these two were an unutterable comfort to each other. But as time wore on they found many rough places in this life-contract each felt so solemnly binding. John Trowbridge had a profound contempt for all womankind who could not fill his own rough ideal. A woman who could churn, milk, cook, care for poultry, keep a house shining, wash and iron, and keep in perfect, robust health withal, was a woman after his own heart. A starving mind, a hungry soul, were problems she had never realized as existing.

It fretted him when Essie, bravely striving to do the work so new in her experience, would faint at her post. It roused his rough sarcasms when the day closed upon duties unperformed, when bread was heavy and cooking imperfect.

And Essie hoping against hope to grow stronger, made herself miserable in the supposition that she was a useless burden where she so earnestly desired to be a comfort and blessing. She stifled her own craving for the books and refinements that had been second nature; and yet she could not fill the place they had occupied by interest in chickens, pigs and cows.

It added to her perplexities to know that the farm had not paid its expenses in the last year. Spring was still some weeks away, and provisions were growing scarce, while ready money was dwindling down to a pile alarmingly small. She felt like a thief when a baking proved uneatable, or a dinner was spoiled, and yet such disasters occurred in spite of her conscientious efforts to avert them.

It had been a dreary day when her unfortunate wish broke from her lips, and a sudden craving for the music that had been her life's delight took possession of her. Her penitence for the words was very humble, and she put away the desire with many another longing.

But John Trowbridge, though he was narrow-minded, and often rough, had a kind heart under the hard crust gathered over it in ten years of toil, poorly paid. The longing of the shy brown eyes haunted him.

"I s'pose it is like telling the birds not to sing to shut her up here," he thought. "But to give her a piano! How in the world—"

Then a sudden thought almost took away his breath. He got up from his chair, and kissing Essie, went to the door to think it over. The young widow, warned that it was nearly tea-time by the clock, sped to the kitchen, and did not know when her father-in-law put on his overcoat and hat and went down to the village.

He came back with some great project in every line of his rugged, sun-brown face.

Tea was a success. The toast was delicately browned, and the ham done to a turn. When the meal was over the old man said:

"Essie, do you remember the cross you told me your father gave you for a birthday gift?"

"My diamond cross!"

"You would not like to part with it? Perhaps it is your only reminder of your father?"

"No. I have many other of his gifts. Nothing so valuable as that. The gentleman who took charge of my father's affairs told me I could keep all his gifts to me."

"You—you—would not like to give me the cross to sell, Essie? Our money is getting very short——"

A kiss, tender and quick, stopped the words that came so hesitatingly.

"You are gladly welcome to it, father! I wonder I did not think of it before."

So the dainty bauble lay in the farmer's horny palm, and while Essie cleared the tea-table John Trowbridge went once more to the village.

Dr. Reynolds, the only physician there, Harry's fast friend for years, was in his office when the farmer entered.

"There it is!" said the visitor triumphantly. "You are sure it is worth the money?"

"Perfectly sure. And Mrs. Trowbridge wishes me to invest the sum I obtain in a piano?"

"Bless you, no! that's my part of it. You see, the poor little soul tries to do her best, but she ain't fit for her hard life. If there was any other home for her I'd send her away, though I'd rather miss the sunlight. She's as dainty as a butterfly, and yet she has no fine lady ways either. But she hankers for a piano, and she shall have one, Ernest," and the old man's eyes filled, "her own father gave her that gimcrack, and I've seen her kiss it often, but when I asked her to give it to me, because I needed money, she put it in my hand with a kiss, and told me I was gladly welcome. She's a good girl, if she ain't much of a hand at work."

"She is not very strong," and Ernest Reynold stifled a sigh as he spoke. Then, with a quick change of voice, he added: "I am going to the city to-morrow. I will sell the cross and buy the piano."

But when the farmer was gone Ernest Reynolds took strange liberties with the jewel he held in charge. He slipped a ribbon through its ring and hung it over his own heart. More than once he touched his lips to the hard, glittering stones, whispering:

"Essie, little Essie!"

The next day he had it valued by a jeweler, and bought a piano with the sum named; but the cross rested still upon his heart as the bill of the sweet-toned instrument was paid.

It would be a vain task to describe Essie's pleasure when the piano was brought to the sitting room. She cried and smiled at the same time, and her earnest thanks brought moisture to the old farmer's eyes.

He knew nothing of the wonderful power prisoned in the slender fingers, scarred with rough work. He had no true appreciation of the genius of that tender young soul. But he did know that Essie could sway him as she willed by the sounds she drew from the wondrous keys; could bring tears to his eyes or smiles to his lips; could lift him to adoration by her stirring hymns, or carry his heart to the foot of the cross by the pleading power of her voice in prayerful song.

She knew soon and well that her desire was no pain to the kind, old man, but that, while it was rest and joy to her, it was a comforter to him.

But the pressure of poverty was coming closer and closer upon the farm. Acre after acre was sold to meet actual daily needs, and the wolf drew very close to the door of John Trowbridge's house. With stern pride he hid his wants from his neighbors, but Essie knew of privations and self-denials that wrung her own tender heart.

Like a burst of sunlight there came to her two offers. One to be organist at the village church, one to take a class of music scholars in the seminary, five miles from the village. Twice a week a carriage would be sent for her, and the salaries would be more than double the income from the farm. Neither John Trowbridge nor Essie knew that Dr. Reynolds, by quiet, unsuspected influence, had brought about this happy result. No one knew that he had driven the principal of the seminary over on an evening when Essie was pouring out her soul in music, and held him spell-bound for two hours on the farm-house porch.

But they did not know that a strong armed Irish girl could be paid to do the work of the house out of Essie's income, and that a trustworty man was found to take the farm-work on shares.

John Trowbridge began to realize that there were women of some value in the world who possessed but a small share of bone and muscle for actual hard work. For scholars came all the way from L——, the market town seven miles away, to the farm-house. Concerts were given for charitable purposes, and Essie was engaged at goodly sums to play. Strangers came to the village church to hear the wondrous voice and playing of the young organist.

And while the comforts of the farm were multiplied by Essie's generous expenditure, while the rooms gradually lost their bare, dismal look, by additions of furniture and ornaments, while flowers blossomed on barren spaces, and the farm itself was more fully stocked Essie was ever the same.

The same in respectful love for Harry's father, the same gentle shy woman, modest as a violet. Yet not the same as the months sped by, and the sorrow of widowhood lost something of its keenest pain.

John Trowbridge wondered a little, when the piano had filled its recess for a whole year, why Ernest Reynolds was so much interested in the old man's rheumatism. He had always been an attentive physician, and had never neglected the father of his dear friend, Harry Trowbridge. But of late he lingered long whenever he called, and often dropped in, unprofessionally.

Essie learned to know his step, and her shy eyes would brighten when she heard it. Harry had told her of many noble traits in the doctor's character and in the village she had heard of his gentle charities, his conscientious discharge of every duty, his Christian influence where pain and the shadow of death crossed his daily path.

Ever shyly distrustful of herself, she did not dream of winning the love of this hero of her husband's boyhood, this generous friend of the afflicted, this honored member of a noble profession.

She had given her first love, true and warm, to Harry. But the daisies had blossomed twice over Harry's grave, and the gentle heart was touched by other influence. June roses were blooming, and Harry had been dead for two years when one evening Essie sat at her piano, with her fingers calling forth a melody full of sweetness. It was neither glad nor sad, and not so loud but John Trowbridge, in the porch, could hear the voice of Dr. Reynolds, as that gentleman spoke in deep heart-felt tones.

When he had heard all the old man said:

"Go to Essie, Ernest, and tell her the one wish of my heart will be granted if when I die, I leave her in the happiness of such love as you bring to her. It has been my great sorrow that her short married life tied her to an old man who was so poor a companion for her. I believe Harry himself would bid you God speed."

And Essie, when the love plea was whispered, the message delivered, bent her head to hide happy tears.

"You will let me love you?" the doctor pleaded. "You can love me?"

Only the little hand nestled closer in his own for answer. But after a little time, the sweet, clear voice, asked:

"You will let me keep my promise to Harry, Ernest? I could not desert father now?"

"I only ask to help you in your care for him. My home shall be his! And if he will sell the farm, he will have an income that will take away all sense of dependence, while we can still give him love."

"It seems so strange to think you love me!" Essie said, after they had talked long.

"Little one, I loved you before Harry won you, but I starved my own heart for yours. Do you know what I have worn there, Essie, for many a long month? See!"

And while he loosed the ribbon and put the diamond-cross into her hand she learned for the first time the true story of the purchase of that article of furniture, called at the farm Essie's piano.

Citrus Fair in California.

The citrus fair at Sacramento surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine of its projectors. The building provided would not hold all the exhibits sent in, and many samples were not taken from the boxes. Oranges were displayed from the extreme northern counties like Shasta, while the finest fruit came from the old mining counties, like Yuba and Calaveras. The exhibition has demonstrated beyond question that good oranges can be grown in many of the foot-hill counties along the base of the Sierra Nevada without irrigation. This has been denied by the southern counties, which have claimed a monopoly of the production of citrus fruits. As land in Los Angeles or San Bernardino county suitable for oranges and with water privileges sells for $200 an acre, while in Butte, Yuba and other northern counties it can be bought for $50 an acre, it is not difficult to see which section promises the best returns to settlers. One southern orange grower, after seeing the fruit from Butte county, decided to buy land there, and set out Riverside Navels, the choicest orange grown in California. As oranges mature three weeks earlier in Butte than in the southern counties, he thinks he will be able to anticipate the Florida fruit in the eastern markets. The fair proved such a success at Sacramento that it was decided to transfer the entire exhibit to San Francisco, where it was recently opened in the Mechanic's pavilion. Reports from orange growing districts show that oranges on the trees suffered no damage from the recent cold. The mercury in some of the southern counties fell a few degrees below the freezing point, but all the fruit was helped by the cold, as blossoming was retarded, and thus danger from late frosts reduced. From the northern counties it is reported that grain and fruits are uninjured, and that there is a large increase in acreage.

Emperor William as a Shooter.

It is announced as "a great fact" that at the last Court battue the German Emperor shot twenty-one head of game "with his own breech-loader," which the obsequious chronicler adds was "no bad achievement for a man of eighty-eight." It is not much of an "achievement" to butcher deer and other game at the Imperial battues, as the Emperor sits in an easy chair and the creatures are driven by him within a few yards, and on their approach being notified by the blowing of a horn a chasseur hands His Majesty the weapon, and he has only to fire it into the side of the quarry.

God hates sin everywhere, but especially in his own people; he will not let his children sin without correction.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

TERRORIZING A TRAIN.

Short Engagement Played by a Gang of Texas Desperadoes.

News from Waco, Texas, says; A quartet of desperadoes played a star engagement on the south bound Missouri Pacific passenger train last night. When the belated train pulled into the depot at ten minutes past one recently the gore about the head and shoulders of the conductor and the bloody and disfigured face of the colored porter, with the absence of lamps, window and door lights in the smoker, testified to the destructive work of the six shooter. The quartet were not, however cowboys out on a "high lonesome," but were deputy sheriffs and a boon companion. They boarded the train at Hillsboro, occupied a double section in the smoker, drew their pistol belts to the front and awaited the coming of Conductor Hank Buckley, who was in charge of the train. When he approached and demanded their fare two of the parties arose, and, after an exchange of a few words, one of the two felled the conductor with a blow of his revolver, knocking him senseless. The colored porter sprang to the rescue of the conductor, when he was punched in the face with a six shooter and otherwise brutally maltreated. The desperadoes then took possession of the coach, and, two standing at each end, began an indiscriminate fusillade at the lamps and windows of the car. This occurred some two miles south of Hillsboro.

As the train approached Abbott station the conductor revived and some one pulled the bell cord. The conductor was then seized by two of the fellows who threatened to kill him instantly if the train did not move on. A brakeman on the outside signalled the engineer to go ahead and the life of Hank Buckley was spared. The conductor and terrified passengers were permitted to leave the car and the quartet locked themselves in and held high carnival, driving everybody away by presenting their revolvers at any one who came on the platform. The conductor, after leaving the smoking car, was taken to a seat in the rear end of the ladies' car, where his injuries were attended to. Shortly after one of the ruffians followed him into the coach to talk the matter over, as he said. While he was in conversation with Conductor Buckley another one of the quartet came in, brandishing his revolver and swearing he was "going to finish the job by killing the conductor." This caused intense commotion in the car; ladies screamed, children cried and men began to look for places of safety. The first ruffian, however, put a quietus on his companion's intentions by telling him to stop his racket, Buckley was his friend and he was not going to see him killed. With this he took hold of his companion and the two desperadoes returned to the smoking car. In the meantime the train was dashing southward, making the regulation stops at the stations.

No one, however was allowed to get on or off the train by these men; and the engineer, unaware of the state of affairs on the train, obeyed the signal from the brakeman on the sleeper and moved ahead. After the train pulled out from West, the first station north of Waco, this plucky brakeman, E. E. Lomax, extinguished his lamp, dropped off the train, and, hurrying back to the station, telegraphed the authorities at Waco the condition of affairs on the train. The telegram was a little too late, however, as the train arrived at Waco before the officials could reach the depot. Three of the desperadoes left with their pistol drawn; the fourth was found lying in a drunken stupor in the smoker. They were all, however, speedily corralled, and are now in jail, while a number of charges have been preferred against them. The prisoners are young men of means—one of them being worth from $35,000 to $40,000. Conductor Buckley and his porter are badly used up, but it is thought will be able to appear against their assailants, who had a preliminary examination recently. The affair has produced intense excitement, and the feeling against the prisoners is one of universal condemnation.

THE BEAR SLAIN WITH DYNAMITE.

A Grizzly Surprised in the Mountains.

I remember once when I was mining near Breckenridge that I met a grizzly bear—one that would tip the beam at 1,100 easily. You see, I was going up to the mine, and nothing could be further from my mind than expecting to meet one of those fellows at such a time and place. But it's like them; they always turn up when they are least expected, and when you are most illy prepared for them. I had no gun with me, nor even a knife. What was worse, or would be to a man who lacked presence of mind, I had with me a box containing dynamite cartridges, which were to be used in the mine. This would of itself have prevented me from retreating with credit and dispatch, if such a thing were possible; but it so happened that when I sighted the bear I had wandered from the regular trail, having taken a narrow ledge in the hope of finding a short cut to the mine. There was a sheer fall from this of at least 500 feet. The bear had already passed on to this when I first saw him, and, as I had never before traversed the ledge, I had no idea as to how far it might be passable.

When I saw the bear it was evident that he had not yet discovered my presence. He was shuffling along at an easy gait, apparently perfectly familiar with the path. I did not dare to run on the narrow ledge, but I got in the best licks at walking that I knew how and had soon gained a fair lead on the grizzly. I began to hope that I would come safely out of the difficulty, and was further encouraged by the fact that the ledge appeared to be slightly wider as I advanced. In rounding a sharp curve, however, you may imagine my consternation when I saw the ledge suddenly terminate not twenty feet in front of me in a cavern, unquestionably the habitation of the bear. Above the wall rose straight hundreds of feet, and below there was empty space. The bear had made a nice selection of a home, I saw at a glance, and he would find here, right at his very door, a meal in me, provided I could do nothing to avert the catastrophe.

I thought of everything I had about me, with a view of using it for my defense. I had eight pounds of candles, a jackknife, and a lead-pencil. It occurred to me that if I had sufficient candles I might feed the bear for a while until I could induce him to feel that he was in a condition for hibernating, but I would not be more than able to whet his appetite with what I had. The jack-knife and lead-pencil were dismissed without a moment's thought. The dynamite suggested possibilities. I hit upon a plan. Taking half a dozen sticks of dynamite. I thrust them in among the candles, and, hastily retracing my steps around the corner, I placed the charge of candles and dynamite in the path of the approaching bear. The latter was but a few rods away, but appeared to be wrapped in such a brown study that he did not notice my action. Then I again retreated around the curve, and withdrew myself into the bear's cavern to await developments. I did not have long to wait. In less than five seconds after I had entered the cave the mountain shook as though in an earthquake, and I knew that I had succeeded. The bear had evidently tried to eat the candles and found them too much for him. I rushed out to see the result of my strategy. There was little to be seen, however. A tuft of hair here, and a splash of bear's grease there, a splinter of bone or two, and the end of the bear could only be guessed.

People Who Wear Tights.

"One of the principal articles we sell," said a stage costumer to a reporter "is tights. They are not only used on the stage, but in almost every show in the country. The demand for them now is large."

"Do they wear out easily?"

"That depends entirely upon the kind of show the wearer is acting in. Circus riders wear the most. It's the rosin on the horse's back that does that. Then the wearer perspiring makes it necessary to have them washed every time they are used. A bareback circus rider will wear out one or two pair a week. They cost all the way from $2 a pair up to almost any price. The average pair for circus people costs $6. They are plain woven tights, but very strong. There are innumerable varieties in material, in styles, in colors and still more in fits. The cheapest tights are made of cotton. These are made in all colors, flesh, white, black, unbleached, chocolate and brown. Then there are fine cotton tights, worsted tights, Lisle thread tights, French cotton tights and silk tights."

"Do you sell them ready-made or make them to order?"

"The best qualities are all made to measure. We have the make-up or model of a number of actors and actresses, and can make them as often as they are wanted."

"What do you mean by the make-up?"

"You don't suppose these people have the goods made to fit their true forms, do you? Not more than one-fifth of them have their tight-fitting clothes made without padding. How would a premier danseuse look posing before her audience if her costume were not made to give her a soft, rounded appearance? We make padded skirts, padded hips, padded arms, padded insteps, padded thighs, padded legs, and, in fact, padded everything. The pads are made of fine lamb's wool. When a large ballet is being organized we have to go into this padding business very extensively. Some of the prettiest girls will be slightly knock-kneed or bow-legged. We have to straighten them out and produce the fine Venus-like looking forms that you see on the stage. We have artists who make a specialty of this, and in some very particular case they make a model of the actress, and then perfect the model and then make the goods up."

White Gold-Seekers in China.

Siberia has always been regarded as rich in auriferous deposits, and travelers' tales have been heard describing the rich results of washing the mud of the rivers, while the soil was mingled with golden scales. Strange, these stories did not seem to attract the hordes of needy adventurers who flock wherever gold is, or is supposed to be, in existence; but recently, for some months past, a busy community of diggers has been at work in a place so inaccessible that until last winter, the Chinese were unaware that a tribe of foreign devils were gathering up wealth on the borders of their own empire. The mining camp is composed of detachments from Australia and California, and a sprinkling of diamond-seekers from South Africa; and these men have formed a government of their own over a republic they have coolly appropriated from the Chinese empire, having the Russian administration on the other side of the river. The results of the work are good, upward of 2,600 pounds weight of gold having been purchased last year by Russian agents, who have paid excellent prices, ranging up to sixty-five shillings for the troy ounce.

This new "nation" founded on the banks of the Amoor river, is likely if the stories told about it are true, to become a power in the world; for as its only trouble is likely to be with China the bold diggers have taken the initiative and defied the "ten thousand" which the irate and disappointed mandarins threatened them with. This incident is another painful leaf in the history of China. The brotner of the sun and moon, the son of heaven, to be defied by a gang of outer barbarians clad in flannel shirts, corduroys, and knee-boots, and speaking an unknown but emphatic language, and to see the golden treasures of his land taken away from under his very nose, is humiliation too great to be submitted to; yet what can be done? The "ten thousand" had better keep at home, and let well enough alone.

Our court dress in heaven, and our garment of sanctification for daily wear, are the condescending gifts of Christ's love.

WHAT WE SMOKE AND CHEW.

Not Always Pure Tobacco, but Sometimes Sweetened and Medicated Preparations.

It is rather late in the day to enter a protest against the use of tobacco. Whatever the faculty may say on the point of its injurious qualities, however much the clergy may point out the possibility of its leading to intemperance, the fact remains that a large proportion of the world uses tobacco in some form or other. In spite of all that has been said against it by fervid anti-tobacconists, pure tobacco is an excellent remedial agent; but it must be absolutely pure. No poisonous decoctions must eat into its substance or change its nature. Used in a proper way, to relieve neuralgic pains, or applied in various affections, under the advice of a skilled physician, it is a valuable medicine.

The adulteration of tobacco, very common both in this country and abroad, arises from two considerations. The pure, natural leaf, in its yellow hue, is undoubtedly the finest tobacco in the market. But so many accidents conspire to render the finest leaves scarce that even the natural leaf itself is imitated. Coarse leaves are bleached by the use of chlorine to the bright yellow color of the natural leaf, and sulphuric acid, properly diluted, is used to make the little "freckles," which are supposed by connoisseurs to indicate a superior quality of leaf.

But the "natural leaf," somehow, doesn't seem to suit the taste of the average chewer of tobacco. He asks a certain degree of sweetness in his plug. To fill this bill and create a special flavor which shall give a kind of identity to a particular brand, and cause it to be eagerly sought for is the object of the manufacturer.

When the bundles of steamed leaves are fully dried they are ready for the application of the syrup and licorice, which imparts to the chewing tobacco of commerce its sweetness and flavor. The leaves must be as dry as a bone when subjected to this licorice bath, for the least dampness will render them white with mould in a few hours. This mould is removed (one of the adulterations) by a dip into diluted muriatic acid, and in too many cases forms part of the solid cake of a better quality. The heat of the mixture causes the pores of the leaf to expand, and the sweet syrup, penetrating every fiber, impregnates it thoroughly. From the vat the dripping bundles are carried out on the flat roof of the factory and exposed to the sun, for one day's sunshine is worth more than can be told in the manufacture. After this the leaves are taken into a drying room, where the thermometer during the day is at 90 degrees. At night the whole power of the furnace is turned on, and the heat is so intense that in the morning the room has to be cooled off before the operators can enter it. When the tobacco has, under this powerful heat, become perfectly dry, the adulterator gets in his work.

One factory sprinkles it with New England rum, another uses Jamaica rum, a third moistens it with the rankest corn whiskey he can find, and each brand has its own peculiar essential oil. Some use fennel, others ginseng, while the acrid sumach, abounding in tannin, cheap and plenty, gives that peculiar burning of the tongue which characterizes much "fine cut." Astringent barks, wormwood, the refuse of the cinchona, and others, give the bitter taste which some consumers like, and the twist or "negro heads," which is largely exported to tropical climates, gets a special absorption.

A true tobacco cigar is fine in grain and free from stems. The wrapper is nothing in a cigar; the filling is everything.

No leaf is worthless for the manufacture of one or another of the innumerable brands between the golden chaff with which the millionaire fills his meerschaum and the laborer his cuddy. Almost the only chemically pure tobacco is that which the planter dries for himself, spreads on the cotton sheets in the garret, and sends little Tommy to bring him a bunch of—crumbling it between his fingers to fill his pipe. But this simplicity doesn't please. The public would rather be poisoned.

Played To a Freeze Out.

Over in the treasury a story is told at the expense of a high official. The air in the room was rather chilly, but the clerks were found busily at work in their light office coats. They had warmed the bulb of the thermometer up to seventy-five, and awaited developments. The official remarked that it was cold and shivered and looked uneasily about the room. A clerk leisurely glanced at the thermometer and said it was very comfortable. The official looked and saw and wondered.

"I think I must have a chill," he said, but he went to his desk.

Pretty soon the clerk in front of him deliberately pulled off his coat and resumed work.

"I am sure I must have a chill" again remarked the official, but every clerk had his nose down to business, and hadn't time to answer.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed another in a loud aside, pulling off his coat.

The official, still muffled in his over coat and shivering, went over again and looked at the thermometer. A clerk had in the mean time applied the lighted end of a cigar to the bulb, and the mercury had jumped to eighty.

"Dear me!" said the official, "I'm afraid I'm going to be sick." After a little he pulled on his gloves and started for home, took quinine and whisky, and went to bed. When he returned to the office next day the story met him in the corridor. He says it is all right; he is well, and the fellows who played it on him are sneezing their heads off.

Tea.

The names given to tea have a significance. "Bohea" means happy "establishment;" Congou, "labor;" Son-chong, "small kind;" Pe-koe, "white hair," because of the down on the leaf; Pen-chong, "golden tea."

EXCITEMENT UNABATED.

PROOF THAT THAT PHYSICIAN'S TERRIBLE CONFESSION IS TRUE.

[Cleveland, O., Herald.]

Yesterday and the day before we copied into our columns from the Rochester, N. Y., "Democrat and Chronicle," a remarkable statement, made by J. B. Henion, M. D., a gentleman who is well-known in this city. In that article Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful experience which befell him, and the next day we published from the same paper a second article, giving an account of the excitement in Rochester, and elsewhere, caused by Dr. Henion's statement. It is doubtful if any two articles were ever published which caused greater commotion both among professionals and laymen.

Since the publication of these two articles, having been besieged with letters of inquiry, we sent a communication to Dr. Henion and also to H. H. Warner & Co., asking if any additional proof could be given, and here it is:

GENTLEMEN: I owe my life and present health wholly to the power of Warner's Safe Cure, which snatched me from the very brink of the grave. It is not surprising that people should question the statement I made (which is true in every respect) for my recovery was as great a marvel to myself, as to my physicians, and friends. * * *

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 21.

SIRS. The best proof we can give you that the statements made by Dr. Henion are entirely true, and would not have been published unless strictly so, is the following testimonial from the best citizens of Rochester, and a card published by Rev. Dr. Foote.

H. H. WARNER & Co.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We are personally or by reputation acquainted with Dr. Henion, and we believe he would publish no statement not literally true. We are also personally or by reputation well acquainted with H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure, (by which Dr. Henion says he was cured) whose commercial and personal standing in this community are of the highest order, and we believe that they would not publish any statements which were not literally and strictly true in every particular.

C. R. PARSONS, (Mayor of Rochester.)
WM. PURCELL, (Editor Union and Advertiser.)
W. D. SHUART, (ex-Surrogate Monroe County.)
EDWARD A. FROST, (ex-Clerk Monroe County.)
E. B. FENNER, (ex-District Attorney Monroe County.)
J. M. DAVY, (ex-Member Congress, Rochester.)
JOHN S. MORGAN, (County Judge, Monroe Co.)
HIRAM SIBLEY, (Capitalist and Seedsman.)
JOHN VAN VOORHIS, (ex-Member of Congress.)

To the Editor of the "Living Church," Chicago, Ill.]

There was published in the Rochester (N. Y.) "Democrat" and "Chronicle" of the 31st of December, a statement made by J. B. Henion, M. D., narrating how he had been cured of Bright's disease of the kidneys, almost in its last stages, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. I was referred to in that statement, as having recommended and urged Dr. Henion to try the remedy, which he did, and was cured. The statement of Dr. Henion is true, so far as it concerns myself, and I believe it to be true in all other respects. He was a parishioner of mine and I visited him in his sickness. I urged him to take the medicine and would do the same again to any one who was troubled with a disease of the kidneys and liver.

ISRAEL FOOTE, (D. D.)
(Late) Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.
Rochester N. Y.

It seems impossible to doubt further in the face of such conclusive proof.

FACETIÆ.

AN old farmer had business in a sash, door and blind shop in Elmira the other day, and his son, a boy of 16, who had never seen much of the elephant, went in with him. Realizing that he must have some curiosity in regard to the machinery, the old man observed:

"Now, Henry, this is a planer, and it isn't running; that is a jig saw, and it isn't under motion; over there is a rip saw, and she isn't ripping; here is a buzz saw, and it *is* going. You hear me Henry! this 'ere buzz saw is going."

"All right, dad!" was the response, and the boy was left to look around while the old man went upstairs.

When he came down five minutes later, Henry was dancing around as if he had tacks in his boots, and about an inch of one of his fingers was lying in the sawdust.

"What is it?" shouted the old man.

"Finger off!" howled the boy.

"You infernal pumpkin-head, didn't I tell you that buzz saw was going?"

"Yes, dad, but where was she going to? You didn't tell me that!"

"THAT was a bad accident on your road yesterday," he said to the President of a Southern railroad corporation.

"How?"

"Why, seven or eight people were killed!"

"Oh, yes, I believe something of the sort did happen. Lucky for us, though, the damage to the train was less than a hundred dollars."

"But the killed! the suits for damage!"

"H'm lucky again. If they had been employes of the road, we'd have had to pay funeral expenses and come forward with their three month's back pay."

FENDERSON, who recently purchased an alarm clock, says the thing is a confounded humbug. "I set the alarm," he explained, "before going to bed, after taking the precaution to stop the clock, so its ticking shouldn't keep me awake. And would you believe it, I [illegible] next morning a whole hour [illegible] usual!"

"DEEP in the satin recess," his letter ran, "of this fairy box you will find a ring. I had it made for you, to inclose, as it were, my sentiments on this joyful occasion."

Her heart stood still.

"How beautiful," she murmured as she took up the box. "How simple and poetic a way of asking me to be his wife, and so direct. Ah!" and she kissed the bluish paper and tenderly untied the string.

"I tremble," she whispered. "Will it be a diamond, or a ruby, or a—"

It was neither. It was a napkin ring.

A MAN who was trying to make a sadly worn dress coat and a pair of frayed-out cuffs hold him up against the blizzard, the other day, got a bad fall in crossing Union Square. When he picked himself up, he looked over the ground so carefully that a pedestrian halted and asked:

"Did you lose anything?"

"I'm looking for a dollar bill," was the reply.

"Sure you dropped it?"

"Oh, no; but I'm certain that if there was one anywhere about my clothes, that jar must have shaken it out where I can lay hands on it!"

AFTER all, there is nothing more admirable in a public man than the courage of his religion convictions and practices. There was an excellent alderman from East Boston for instance, now unfortunately an alderman no more, who remarked once in the presence of his fellow members of the city government: "Every night I get down on my knees and say my little prayer. I don't care a——who sees me!"

The New York *World* says a child in that city was poisoned by a cough syrup containing morphia or opium. There is no such danger in Red Star Cough Cure. It is purely vegetable, prompt, safe and sure. 25 cents.

Hope may bud under clouds, but it blows only in sunshine.

"I am a merchant and planter," writes Mr. T. N. Humphrey, of Tenn., "and it gives me great pleasure to say, that for severe coughs and colds Allen's Lung Balsam is the best remedy now offered for sale. I have induced many to try it with the best of results." Price 25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle, at Druggists.

That of which proud people are often the proudest is their pride.

Remarkable Escape.

John Kuhn, of Lafayette, Ind., had a very narrow escape from death. This is his own story: "One year ago I was in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health having used no other medicine."

A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

Those who take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic never have dyspepsia, costiveness, bad breath, piles, pimples, ague and malaria, poor appetite, low spirits, headache or kidney troubles Price 50 cents.

Don't tell unlikely or silly stories, even if you know them to be true.

Do as you please when you please to do right; and you will always do the proper thing in taking Bigelow's Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Pleasant to take and cure speedy. 50 cents and $1.

If you must speak upon a difficult point, be the last speaker, if you can.

MY FRIEND, do you suffer with malaria? Almost any impure condition of the atmosphere will induce it. Try VINEGAR BITTERS as a cure, and you will bless the day when you began its use. In less than a month the VINEGAR BITTERS will chase the last remnant of malarial poison out of your blood, and you will feel like a new person.

Love's words are written on rose leaves, but with tears.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Attention to little things is the economy of virtue.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents. 2d, the *proportion*. 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown.

Never deceive, for the heart once misled can never trust wholly again.

Early piety has often been charged with producing baldness. Carboline the great petroleum Hair renewer will restore the hair no matter what removed it. Try it.

Those who are honest "as the best policy," are halfway to being rogues.

ONE pair of boots can be saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

Marry into different blood and temperament from your own.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. *Try them.*

Always leave home with loving words for they may be the last.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

Let each strive to yield oftener to the wishes of the other.

For removing dandruff and promoting the growth of the hair, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in thousands of cases, has cured a cough in a few days.

OH! MY BACK
Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.
Trade Mark
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
THE BEST TONIC
Strengthens the Muscles, Steadies the Nerves, Enriches the Blood, Gives New Vigor.
MRS. ELIZA JENKNER, 69 Hemlock St., Allegheny, Pa., says: "For several years I have suffered with Back-ache and Weakness. The various remedies I used afforded but little relief. Three bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters cured me.
MR. ALFRED BRIGGS, Petersburg, Va., says: "I have for years been an intense sufferer from pains in my back, loins, kidneys and bladder, have tried innumerable prescriptions and preparations without benefit. Two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me, and I gratefully recommend it.
Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

AGENTS WANTED!
Men and Women who have from one to two hours spare time per day, can easily earn from $5 to $10 per week, if they will act as our Agent for the sale of an article that is valuable for every household. Applicants will please give the name of one or two parties as reference, and address
P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO.,
83 MERCER STREET, New York

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.
"Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life."—L. L. WHIPLE, Druggist, Kinsner, Mich.
"Will buy no other Cough Medicine as long as we can get Piso's Cure."—C. B. LARIMER, Kirkwood, Ill.
"Piso's Cure cured me of Consumption."—WM. H. ROBERTSON, Brandywine, Md.
"Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best medicine we ever used."—O. L. ROPER, ABILENE, KANS.
"Piso's Cure for Consumption is doing wonders for me."—H. H. STANBELL, Newark, N. Y.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE
MENDS EVERYTHING
Wood, Leather, Paper, Ivory, Glass, China, Furniture, Bric-a-Brac, &c.
Strong as Iron, Solid as a Rock.
The total quantity sold during the past five years amounted to over
32 MILLION bottles. EVERYBODY WANTS IT. All dealers can sell it. Awarded TWO GOLD MEDALS, London, 1883. New Orleans, 1885. Pronounced Strongest Glue Known. Send dealer's card and 10c. postage for sample can FREE by mail. RUSSIA CEMENT CO. Gloucester, Mass.
Contains no Acid.

WANTED---LADIES to work for us at their own homes, $7 to $15 per week can be quietly made. No photo painting; no canvassing. For full particulars, please address at once, CRESCENT ART CO., 19 Central St., Boston, Mass., Box 5179.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delays from business. Tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 811 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2722 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M., and Sundays.

CAULIFLOWERS AND HOW TO GROW THEM. A new book with Practical Information in Minute Detail. By mail 20 cts. FRANCES BRILL, Riverhead, Long Island, N. Y.

FINE Blooded Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Dogs for sale. Catalogues with 200 engravings free. N. P. Boyer & Co., Coatesville, Pa.

OLD COINS WANTED! $25 PAID for 1799 cent; all coins wanted; large coin-price books, 25c. (3 books in 1); shows our buying and selling prices for all coins, etc. (Small books 10c.) Mason & Co., 325 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Face, Hands, Feet, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Style Heads, Scars, Pitting & their treatment. Dr. John Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y. Est'd 1870. Send 10c. for book.

GEN. GRANT'S MEMOIRS.
Special arrangements and *extra terms* secured by addressing APPOMATTOX, Box 179, Phila., Pa

PAY WHEN CURED. Having sufficient confidence in our ability and the willingness of mankind to pay when the cure is made, we cure all chronic diseases and ask no pay for our professional services until after the cure is effected. Describe your case fully and send stamp for instructions. Address Dr. B. D. BAKER, Box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE A book worth $10, on Love & Courtship, sent free by the Union Pub. Co., Newark, N.J. Send stamps for post'g.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.
Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price List.
J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass

PENSIONS INCREASED
Write L. Bingham, Washington, D. C.

MITCHELL'S PERFORATED BELLADONNA PLASTERS cure all Aches and Pains. Sure Remedy for that COLD SPOT between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

WELL BORING AND ROCK DRILLING MACHINES. Tools for all kinds of well boring. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

RED STAR COUGH CURE
TRADE MARK.
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

U CAN'T BEAT THE HOP PLASTER
Because possessed of fresh and active medicinal agents for the cure of pain and disease. A wonderful strengthening porous plaster made from Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Canada Balsam. Apply one to Backache, Crick, Kidney troubles, Stitches, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Sore Chest or pain in any part. Acts instantly—always soothes—quiets nervousness—ready to apply. All dealers 25c. 5 for $1. Sent by mail for price.
HOP PLASTER CO., Propr's, Boston, Mass.

CONTAGIOUS!
I am a native of England and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. Finally I completely lost all hope in that country, and sailed for America, and was treated at Roosevelt in this city as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection with the hospitals.
I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and I determined to give it a trial. I took six bottles and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my life. L. FRED. HALFORD.
New York City, June 12th, 1884.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y. 157 W. 23d st.

At one time glass surpassed gold, not only in value as a material, but in forms of vases and drinking vessels wrought into various patterns by means of wheels and points. An article of the kind was considered a worthy present for a king. Glass-carving is a branch of the art of carving precious stones begun by the lapidary savage, and improved with more or less ability by workers in archaic times and earliest civilizations. In the Greek and Roman periods, when the glyptic art was encouraged as a whole, carving on glass may be said to have reached its zenith. Perhaps it is to the later Greeks and Romans that we are indebted for the finest work of the kind. Colored glasses were generally preferred to glass of only one color for carving; and at the present time cameo work, or relievo in one color, or more than one, upon ground of a different color, is growing in favor of the educated and wealthy at home and abroad. To England is due the honor of reviving the art of carving glass.

Asphalt paper is likely to become of great use in many ways. In thin sheets it is useful for wrapping silks or other fabrics that need protection from moisture, for lining cases or packing boxes for pianos, etc., or rolled up into pipes for conveying water. Asphalt tubes are only one-fifth the weight of iron, will not rust, and are quite tough and strong. The tubes are simply sheets of paper of a peculiar quality dipped in melted asphalt, and then rolled upon a cylinder. A machine for preparing the asphalt wrapping paper consists of a hollow cylinder, heated by steam, and a wedge-shaped box containing the hot asphalt. The box has a narrow slit the width of the paper, and as the paper passes a thin layer of asphalt is distributed on the paper just before it passes the cylinder.

During the last two years, the *Nature* reports, several Celtic tumuli in the district of Geinberg, in Upper Austria, have been opened and found to contain valuable relics of prehistoric times. Recently a similar tumulus was discovered at Mattigholen, in the same neighborhood, and among its contents was found a diadem of pure gold richly carved in the well-known style of old Celtic art.

Prematurely Aged.

Many a woman is robbed of those charms which the gentler sex value so highly, and made old before her time by functional irregularities. To such the bloom of youth may be restored by the use of a remedy which has stood the test of time and which is to-day acknowledged to be without an equal as a cure for all female weaknesses—Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By all druggists.

If you wish to pronouce an impartial judgment, accept no favor.

"Gentle as the Breeze of Evening,"

This line of an old hymn is quite appropriate when applied to "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." "I don't like to take pills if I can avoid it," we often hear persons say, "because they constipate me so," now the "Pellets" never do this. They are so gentle and mild that their effect is almost precisely similar to a natural movement of the bowels, and no unpleasant effects are left behind.

Juggling with ourselves is the first step in almost every wickedness.

Throw Away Trusses.

Cures guaranteed of every case of rupture undertaken. Book of particulars, 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

ANOTHER of the old settlers is gone. We had a piece of him at our landlady's this morning. Immediately beneath the epidermic formation from his back we found a piece of eggshell, bearing the legend; "laid 1849."

"YOU will oblige me by taking this seat, madam," said a polite passenger in a street car, touching his hat.

The lady took the seat.

"Thank you," said the polite passenger.

"You are quite welcome" was the gracious reply.

A STANDARD target for American riflemen has just been adopted by the clubs of the United States, which have had the matter under discussion for several months. We hope it is large enough to protect the indiscreet cows and pigs that wander about the various ranges.

"I want the music of the 'Mikado,'" said a little boy, entering a New York music store.

"For singing, or for the piano?"

"I don't want it for either, I want it for my sister."

MISS LATEWAITER, OF DOUBTFUL AGE—"Have you noticed this quaint necklace of mine, Miss Pepper? Papa had it made for me in Florence when I was a little child." "Indeed? Why, it is a real antique, isn't it?"

BANK presidents, as a rule, are opposed to silver dollars. They don't want them in the banks. There is a reason for this. A bank officer going suddenly to Canada couldn't carry silver dollars enough with him to last a week.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE swings Indian clubs several hours every day. Julian can be not only original, but aboriginal also.—*Boston Transcript.* It's because that little Sag Harbor boy whom Julian gave a $40 spanking to says he is going to lick him when he gets big.

MISS EUGENIA—"Ah, Mr. Fogg, can you tell us anything about the Elizabethian age?"

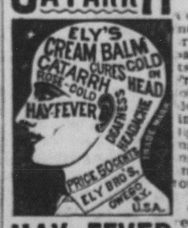
Mr. Fogg—"Um—ah—well—yes. I believe was very nearly seventy when she died."

"A MAN never loses anything by politeness." At all events there are a great many men who never do and never intend to."

A VERMONT man has just sold his wife for $6. Too cheap, did you say? Well, she didn't have any bonnet on.

That Tired Feeling
The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.
"I could not sleep: had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

VINEGAR BITTERS
is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system.
In Vinegar Bitters there is vitality but no alcoholic or mineral poison.
Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.
Vinegar Bitters allays feverishness. It relieves, and in time cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, and similar painful diseases.
Vinegar Bitters cures Constipation and prevents Diarrhœa.
Never before has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS to heal the sick.
Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be read by every child and youth in the land.
Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.
R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 532 Washington St., N.Y.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD IS


a disease of the mucous membrane. It generally originates in the nasal passages and maintains its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus along the membranous linings and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.
HAY-FEVER Cream Balm is a remedy based upon a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50c. at druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Consumption Can Be Cured!
DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS.
Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. Consumption is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) in 4c. for particulars in letter by return mail.
NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co. 2103 Madison Square, Phila., Pa.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
The Great Blood Purifier, for the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.
Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Catarrh in the Head, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complaints, etc, Glandular Swelling, Dry Hacking Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.
SCROFULA,
Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent.
Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, a remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.
Sold by all druggists. One dollar a bottle.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
For the relief and cure of all Pains, Congestions and Inflammations.
DR. RADWAY'S PILLS
For DYSPEPSIA and for the cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels. Constipation, Biliousness, Piles, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.
DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
25 CENTS for Cough
COLDS THE BEST REMEDY FOR COUGHS CONSUMPTION BRONCHITIS CROUP CURING
25 CENTS for Croup
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
Cough or Croup REMEDY.
AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.
It Contains no Opium in Any Form.
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM in Three Size Bottles, Price 25 Cents, 50 Cents and $1 Per Bottle. The 2-Cent Bottle are put up for the accommodation of all who do not require a Cough, Croup Remedy. Those dreading consumption or any LUNG DISEASE should secure the large $1 bottles.
Price, 25c, 50c. and $1 per Bottle.
SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN,
You are allowed a *free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of *Nervous Debility*, loss of *Vitality* and *Manhood*, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor, and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in *sealed envelope* mailed free, by addressing VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75 per Month and Expenses. Expenses is advance. Canvassing outfit FREE. Particulars free. Standard Silver-ware Co. Boston, Mass.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

6 459

WORMS
In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!
INFALLIBLE
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

The Old Doctor NERVOUS DEBILITY WEAKNESS AND DECAY. MALE OR FEMALE
A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial packages. Send Stamp for sealed particulars. Address, Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

Blair's Pills Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER
Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits
EASILY CURED. ADVICE FREE.
DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin.

BAUGH'S
TRADE MARK

$25 PHOSPHATE
Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands direct from us. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Pamphlets Gratis. BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Philada., Pa.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new PUMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEB. 24 1886.

BLISS OF MATERNITY.

I hold two dainty little feet
Clasped in my warm and loving hand:
So soft and pink, they sure must be
Two rose-leaves blown from fairyland.

I hold a wee and helpless form
Pressed closely to my happy heart—
Why, baby!—mine by right divine—
The right of pain—a mother's part.

O beauteous life! so fair and new,
That yesterday was blent with mine!
O wondrous soul! so lately sprung
A sparklet from the Source Divine!

God's priceless gift, you come to me
Embodied in this little form;
My soul accepts its happiness
As flowers the sunshine soft and warm.

My brow seems decked by coronet,
The fairest earth has ever seen—
The diadem of motherhood—
'Tis Nature's hand that crowns me queen.

What realms are opened to my sight!
I tread the regions of the blest:
And all because this little form
Lies fair and helpless on my breast.

A tiny bud, whose flower complete
May bloom to bless my waning years.
O motherhood! you hold a bliss
That best may be expressed in tears.

—Carrie Stevens Waller.

Putting the Sailor's Life in Peril.

But about five years ago a new fiber was introduced into this market, called Sisal hemp, in token of the place where it was exported—Sisal, Yucatan. It was so much like Manila that one could tell the difference between the two This was a great misfortune for the sailor. The new fiber was not half so strong, nor was it more than half so durable, and it only cost one-half as much as Manila. Competition between rope-makers has always been strong and and margins on their product narrow. Some of them realized increased profits by working in a liberal quantity of the Sisal hemp with the Manila fiber. Thus, when Jack, as he supposed, was working aloft with one hand for the owners and one for himself, he found his faith in the Manila rope to which he clung misplaced. It gave way, precipitating him to the deck or into the sea. Ropes broke at the most unexpected and critical moments. There was no help for it, for only an expensive test would show when a coil of rope was adulterated.

But a short time ago an English rope manufacturer, who found his sales for the genuine Manila decreasing, discovered after a few experiments a simple test by which the presence of the cheap fiber can be detected. A South street ship chandler showed a reporter how the test could be made. He burned a little wad of Manila fiber on a sheet of boiler iron, and then a wad of Sisal hemp beside it. The ashes from the Manila were grayish black, while those from the Sisal hemp were almost white. Then he pulled a rope yarn from an adulterated rope and, after untwisting it, he burned it also. The white Sisal fiber showed so plainly among the black Manila fibers around them that even a landlubber could detect the adulteration without difficulty.—New York Sun.

Diagnosis of "Railway Spine."

In direct injuries of the back, as from blows, sudden wrenching of the spine, and some unknown shocks not appreciated by the patient at the time, as in railway accidents and explosions, both the sensation conductors of the cord with the membranes covering it may be injured, so that a slow inflammation is set up which may extend to the brain. Pain in the extremities, more or less loss of power to combine the movements, disturbances in the reflex powers of the cord, headache, sleeplessness, and even insanity, may result from these obscure injuries. Many such cases eventually recover under appropriate treatment.

"Railway spine," as cases of this form of of injury have been called, is so frequently simulated for the purpose of obtaining damages from corporations, that the very fact of such a condition ever occurring has been disputed. All the facts in a given case should be very carefully investigated. In this way imposition will be avoided and the real sufferers be compensated, in some degree, for their disabilities.—Globe-Democrat.

A Word in Favor of Specialism.

Specialism means depth of insight, the probing a subject to the core; it means discovery, it means originality. I believe it means development of character and growth of the capacity of knowledge. Let me compare the mind to a house with many windows. For a vital comprehension of truth I would prefer to look through one window thoroughly cleaned than through all of them only half purified from the obscuring medium of error and prejudice.

To the young student especially I would say, "Clean one of your windows; be not content until there is one branch of your subject—if it be only one branch of a branch—which you understand as thoroughly as you are capable of understanding it, until your sense of truth is satisfied, and you have intellectual conviction." Be assured that in learning this one thing you will have added an eye to your mind, an instrument to your thought, and potentially have learned many things.—Cornhill Magazine.

New Process of Steel Manufacture.

A new process of steel manufacture has been established at Manchester, England. It is termed a direct process, and is a compromise between the Bessemer and the crucible processes. An advantage secured is that baked moulds are dispensed with, the castings being made entirely in green sand, so that the many severe internal strains caused by hard moulds at the time of cooling are avoided. Thus they produce steel castings which are practically free from blowholes and shrinkage, notwithstanding that metal out of one ladle can be indiscriminately poured into elevator bucket moulds less than one-eighth of an inch thick, or into moulds for heavy crank shafts.—Scientific Journal.

Story of a Filial Chinaman.

Three thousand years ago a man whose name was Lao-Lai-tsz had both parents living, though he himself was 70 years old. He not only provided the ancient couple with dainty dishes, and waited on them day and night, but he would "dress up" to amuse them, and would dance and play with his toys, and pretend to tumble down and to cry, and then nestle up to his father and mother to be kissed and coaxed and comforted. All this was done with a loving desire to make the old folks believe that they were once more a young married couple, and had a baby child.—Mrs. Brysen.

Forged Signatures on Paintings.

The upshot of recent scandals concerning the forging of signatures on paintings, sculptures and other works of art, is the laying before the French senate of a bill proposing imprisonment of one to five years and fines of from 10 francs to 3,000 francs, as a punishment for this offense.—Chicago Herald.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

THE LAST HOURS OF THE FAMOUS CONFEDERATE COMMANDER.

Prepared for the Worst—The Family Physician's Decision—A Grief-Stricken Wife—The Consolations of Religion.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst.

He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Savior.

He replied: "O, no! You are frightened my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope for his recovery.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN'S DECISION.

After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly:

"Very good, very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heartbroken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much he desired to tell her but that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Col. Pendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about 1 o'clock. Gen. Jackson asked him:

"Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

"When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied:

"Thank God! they are very kind." Then he added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

TALKING IN HIS DELIRIUM.

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in his delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. He was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of his mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!"

"Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!"

"Tell Maj. Hawks——" then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looking upward, and slightly raising his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then without sign of struggle or of pain his spirit passed away.—Detroit Free Press.

Extreme Political Enthusiasm in England

Cities of the size of Liverpool and Manchester have a vast amount of municipal feeling—more, even, I fancy, than our cities like Boston and Chicago have. They are big enough to be very proud of their power and prestige, and yet small enough to enable all the citizens to get together in sentiment and, in a representative way at least, to assemble in person. In the throng which roared and screamed delight in front of the illuminated Conservative club on Dale street, in Liverpool the other night, doubtless every part of the city was represented. And in the denser, more silent crowd which the following evening filled Albert square—there must have been 30,000 people there at least—one felt that he was in the presence of all Manchester. I thought I knew pretty well what the human larynx was capable of in the way of noise before I went, but a Lancashire crowd can fairly lift the sky when it really feels like shouting.—London Cor. New York Times.

An Example of English Politeness.

Let no man hereafter accuse the English people of being a whit inferior in politeness to the French of any other nation. A murderer was hanged in Liverpool a fortnight ago and the matter-of-fact statement is made by the reporter that "the weather being bitterly cold, Thomas was hanged in his overcoat." He was only a poor colored sailor, too. Surely, consideration for the feeling of others could go no further. By the way, the people who think it is "English" to say "top-coat," will notice that The London Standard, from which the above quotation is made, says "overcoat."—Boston Herald.

Electrotypes made of Nickel.

Electrotypes of woodcuts are now advantageously made of nickel up to the millimetre thick. The advantages over copper are the hardness, toughness, non-liability to oxidation and the proportionately low price. Although at present such nickel type are of a cost much in excess of copper ones, they are said to stand ten times the number of impressions and allow the use of colors which would attack copper.—Boston Budget.

The Frown of a Fat Woman.

A stout woman should never scowl. A round face, dimpled cheeks and a double chin will not lend themselves easily to an expression of deep and enduring anger, and it is not on record that the scowl of a fat womaa was ever a success.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Compulsory Attendance at Prayers.

Students at Harvard college are preparing a petition to the president and faculty asking for the substitution of voluntary for the present compulsory attendance at prayers. A similar movement last year was unsuccessful.—Chicago Herald.

President Seelye, of Amherst college, says that if girls would run every day they would never die of consumption.

A father of a large family has concluded that sleep is the only item of living which costs nothing.

Some of you men have sowed enough seed to damn the world.—Rev. Sam Jones.

——Good assortment of bird cages for sale at Murray's drug store. tf

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

TWO MODEL POLICEMEN.

St. Louis, Feb. 11.—John P. Mullaly's livery and sale stables were burned at an early hour this morning. The fire originated in the hay loft, and was well underway before the Fire Department arrived. The employes of the stable turned their attention to saving the horses, 65 in number, and had taken seven of them from the burning building when two policemen arrived, and thinking that the employes were thieves, clubbed them into insensibility. They destroyed the only chance of saving the stock, and the remaining 58 horses were burned to death. The loss is $12,000; insurance, $3,000.

Of course when a man is sound and well he don't care a copper for all the medicines on the face of the earth. He has no use for it. But when disease is eating his life he wants the right prescriptions and he wants it right away. For that reason all who know what Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is turn to that for help, and it never disappoints them. And it is just as beneficial to new friends as old ones. Pleasant to the palate and gentle in its action. feb

In the early spring a fine brick block will rear its magnificent proportions on the ruins of the late disastrous conflagration at DuBois. It is a lively town, and contains many enterprising and liberal citizens.

"Why should not the time come when the name of Dr. David Kennedy shall be associated in the public mind with the purification of the blood, as the name of Harvey now is with its circulation. For certainly no other medical man has done as much good to that end as he has. And it is also important that people should know that the result of his labors are within reach of all in the form of Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy."—Evening Journal. feb

Mrs. Sarah McCobles, of Norristown, ate a hearty supper, enjoyed a pleasant evening and went to bed in good health. Next morning the husband awoke to find his wife lying a stiff corpse at his side.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

Is Used in Lung Troubles.

Dr. Hiram Cadoretio, of Jacksonville, Fla., says: "I have for the last ten months prescribed your Emulsion, to patients suffering from lung troubles, and they seem to be greatly benefited by its use." feb

A movement is about being inaugurated at Norristown to erect a monument to General Winfield Scott Hancock in the cemetery near the tomb of the dead hero. The project meets with general approval.

The houses we live in, in other words our bodies, are held on repairing leases. We strengthen and renew them when they exhibit signs of weakness and decay. In Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine the debilitated, the bilious, the rheumatic and dyspeptic, will find the most genial tonic and restorative ever offered to the suffering invalid. $1.50.

A ballot-box, in Washington, this state, was stolen. The citizens have organized a committee to hunt the rascals down.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as have, after long years of trial, proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experience may be of great service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.

The donation of two acres of ground and a loan of $10,000 secures California, Washington County, a glass works industry.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for every one in the spring. Emigrants and travelers will find it an effectual cure for eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin—the effect of disorder in the blood, caused by sea-diet and life on board ship.

Milton J. Gould, a student in the Normal School, at Kutztown, Penn'a, became deranged by too close attention to his studies.

You are not old yet your hair are getting thin. Your friends remark it, your wife regrets it. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop this waste, save your hair and restore the original gloss and color. Exceptionally clean, prevents dandruff, a perfect dressing. feb

The town of Alexandria, in Huntingdon county, elected two lady school directors.

It is worth remembering that nobody enjoys the nicest surrounpings if in bad health. There are miserable people about to-day with one foot in the grave, to whom a bottle of Parker's Tonic would do more good than all the doctors and medicines they ever used. feb

A Philadelphia jury has determined the value of eight ribs in a man at $15,000.

I could not attend to business from catarrh. My eyes were effected. My appetite was gone. I began using Keller's Catarrh remedy. Four bottles cured me. W. Mytinger, Williamsport, Pa.

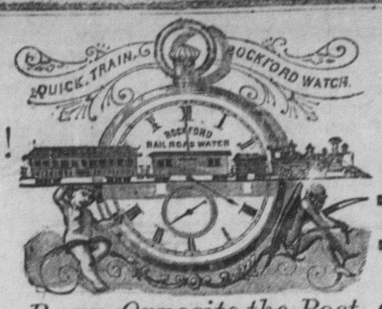
Police officers are necessary to keep order in the Salvation Army meetings at Altoona.

For earache, toothache, sore throat, swelled neck, and the results of cold and inflamation, use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great pain destroyer.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Hereafter subscribers to the REPORTER, who will remit one year's subscription in advance can retain 25 Cents as a premium for advance pay.

Any of our subscribers sending us the names of two new subscribers with the cash one year in advance, will get one year's credit free on REPORTER.

LOOK! NEW LOCATION! NEW



LOOK! NEW ROOM! FIXTURES!

New Room Opposite the Post Offie.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

E. A. GLENN & Co.,

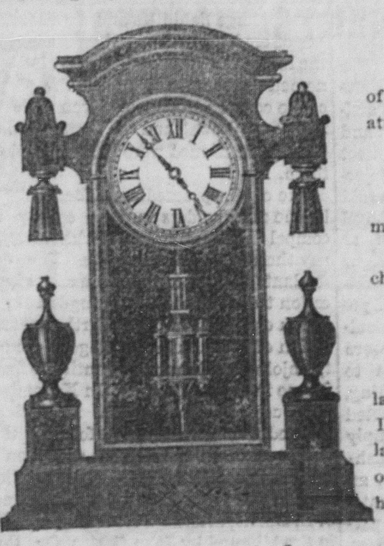
Have just Received a Large Assortment of

FINE SILVERWARE, GOLD PENS AND PENCILS

Rings, Pins, Charms, Revolvers, &c. A complete line of CUTLERY at bottom prices. NEW STOCK of GOLD, SILVER, AND STEEL SPECTACLES, all Sizes and Numbers.

A fine selection of GOLD & SILVER WATCHES always on hand.

☞Agency for the celebrated ROCKFORD WATCH.☜ ☞Call and see the new CLIMAX CASE.☜



All goods warranted as represented.

SEWING MACHINES.

We carry the largest stock of Sewing Machines in the county, made up of the best grade of machines. Among which are the Higharm Davis, with attachments especially adapted for dress makers.

The No. 7 American with the new Button Hole attachment.

The New Home with double feed.

The Household which is an improvement over the Domestic.

We are closing out the Singer machine at reduced figures, from $15 to $20.

Hanging Lamps.

We carry a complete line of these lamps, the Electric and Champion Library Hanging Lamps. Any of these lamps are suited for lighting Churches or other public buildings. Each flount has 50 candle power.

J. Q. A. Kennedy, Manager.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the past forty years, it has been regarded as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption, and by the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of Croup, the alleviation of Whooping Cough, and the cure of Colds and Influenza, ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Read what the people say concerning the ability of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to cure asthma, catarrh, croup, colds etc. Mrs. Dora Koch of Buffalo, says: "For croup it is decidedly efficacious." [Mrs. Jacob Mellisor of Marion Ohio, says the same thing.] S. S. Graves, Akron, N. Y., writes: "Had asthma of the worst kind, took one dose of Thomas' Eclectric Oil and was relieved in a few minutes. Would walk five miles for this medicine and pay $5 a bottle for it." Druggist C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "Cured an ulcerated throat for me in twenty-four hours." "Sat up in bed and coughed till the clothing was wet with perspiration. My wife insisted that I use Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The first teaspoonful RELIEVED me," E. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, N. Y., Thomas' Eclectric Oil is also a Tip-Top external application for rheumatism, cuts, scalds, burns, bites, bruises, etc. When visiting the druggist, ask him what he knows of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; if he has been long in the drug trade, be sure he will speak highly of it.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

50c -THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL-$1.00

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

NEVER FAILS.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

A SPECIFIC FOR

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCHOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

$1.50 per bottle, at druggists.

THE DR. S. A. RICHMOND NERVINE CO., Prop's.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

To decline faking a sure remedy when sick is to court suffering and invite death.

AGENTS WANTED for the MISSOURI STEAM Washer

Active, honest persons all over the country, with or without team.

John R. Dodge, Jr., Quincy, Mo., writes: "You ask what I think of the Washer? I would last summer. At, $ it is the best machine ever invented by man. At. We have just as good chance on Monday as any other day. At. If you run short, you can not buy more for $100." Mrs. Rosa, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I would not take $50 for mine. My washing was on the line at 9 o'clock this morning."

Mr. G. Jones, St. Ignace, Mich., writes: "Formerly it took the washerwoman from 7 a. m. to 4 p. m.; now from 7 a. m. to 10:30 a. m."

Mrs. A. C. Morrison, of Kingston, Tex., writes: "It is a treasure. It makes the work truly independent of the colored washerwoman."

I will ship a sample to those desiring an agency on a week's trial on liberal terms. To those without capital, who can prove themselves trustworthy, I will furnish machines to fill their orders, my money to be paid after delivery. Write for particulars. J. WORTH, Box 1023 New York City.

RAINBOW RUPTURE RELIEF & CURE.

Simple, safe, reliable and a perfect retainer. It is not a Truss. Worn day and Night, and its presence forgotten. Send for circular with testimonials from grateful sufferers cured by this appliance. Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 920 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Skillful treatment given all kinds of surgical and medical cases. Weakening diseases and private troubles in male and female are specialties. Be sure to write us before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation free and invited.

CENTRE HALL LOTS.—Building lots ¼ mile east of Centre Hall station for sale. Prices, $100, $110 to $115 per lot. Payments easy. 3m FRED KURTZ.

New Arrival of Goods

AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

HARPER & KREAMER

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS AND PAINTS
GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE,
GROCERIES.
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

The popular favorite for dressing the hair, restoring its color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is cure-all. 50c. & $1 sizes at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC

The Best Cough Cure you can use.

Recommended by eminent physicians. Popular for its well known properties of purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. It has made wonderful cures of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Throat, Lung, Liver, Kidney, and Nervous diseases, and has brought health and comfort to thousands of suffering women. Its property of increasing the nourishing quality of the blood, renders it so effective in reviving the vital energies that it often saves life. If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Bowel, Liver, Kidney, or other disease, your blood is defective and is losing its power to nourish and sustain the system. Don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day. It will give you new life and vigor. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists. Large saving buying $1 size.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency Mental and Physical Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a 30 years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured, pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 450.
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NEW COAL YARD.

A new coal yard has been opened in connection with the Centre Hall Roller Mill, where all kinds of soft and hard Coal will be sold at reduced prices for CASH or on grain account. j3m

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn, oats and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage. tf

LONG SUFFERING

From Stone in the Bladder.

It is by no means strange that Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., should have received the following letter. By reading it you will see in one minute why James Andrews was thankful:

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir—Until within a recent date, I had for several years suffered greatly from Gravel, called by doctors the Brick-dust Sediment. For about a year past this sediment has not passed off in the usual quantity, but has accumulated, causing me untold pain. Having heard of Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY I tried it, and after using about one and one-half bottles I voided a stone from the bladder, of an oval shape, 7-16 of an inch long, and rough on its surface. I send you the largest piece, that you may see of what it is composed. Since then I have felt no pain. I now consider myself cured, and cannot express my thankfulness and gratitude for so signal a deliverance from a terrible disease. You have my consent to use this letter, should you wish to do so, for the benefit of other sufferers. Yours truly,

JAMES ANDREWS,
No. 10 Marshal St., Ida Hill, Troy, N. Y.

Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of kidney and liver complaints, constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of blood.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex "Favorite Remedy" is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing.

There is no more agonizing class of disease, and none more certain "not to get well of itself" than the disorders of the kidney and bladder. The only medicine that affords speedy relief and permanent cure of such affections is Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," of Rondout, N. Y.

DR. SELLERS'
OVER 1,000,000
BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER
FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS,
THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE.
25 CTS.
COUGH SYRUP
DON'T FORGET THAT
DR. LINDSEYS BLOOD SEARCHER
ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES,
MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
R.E. SELLERS & CO. Props. PITTSBURGH, PA.

TRADE MARK.
KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY
THE GREAT
Blood Purifier of the World.
AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR
CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR
MALARIA.
A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will positively cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
PEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

For sale by druggists generally.
PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL P. KELLER & Co. Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

TRADE MARK.

Furniture! Furniture!
M'CORMICK BROS.,
(Successors to W. R. Camp.)
CENTRE HALL, PENN'A,
Offer the finest and largest stock of
FURNITURE
ever brought to Centre Hall,
Prices to Suit the Times.
Come and examine
stock and learn prices.
We keep all furniture usually
— found in a —
FIRST CLASS FURNITURE STORE.

UNDERTAKING
A SPECIALTY.
COFFINS, CASKETS, SHROUDS,
BURIAL ROBES, &c.,
kept in stock.
Funerals Attended
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THE REASON WHY.

To-day the first June rose bloomed out
Down by the daisies and clover;
All a-tremble, with leaves a-pout,
Buttercups bedding over.

"Sweet, so sweet," the butterfly said,
"Rose, in your rustic splendor!"
And honey-bees lingered over her head
Murmuring love words tender.

"Sweet little blushing wayside rose,
Tell me what is the reason
All of your brothers and sisters sleep,
You are first of the season!"

All a-blushing, the little rose said,
"I know they can not have missed me!
I waked this morning"—she hung her head—
Because a honeybee kissed me."

—Gertrude E. Heath.

THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI'S WHIMS.

Her Toilet Her Serious Occupation—Her Poor "Fannie."

She never could bear either beggars or children. She live entirely apart from her husband, who occupied another wing of the villa. She literally adored an ugly little dog, which seemed to constitute all she cared for. She rose between 12 and 2; at night she would sit alone for hours in her reception-room, writing her memoirs she would state with a show of vanity. Her toilet was her sole serious occupation. She washed with starch, often taking baths in olive oil; at night she would wear on her face a linen mask, saturated with perfumed grease, as we are told certain effeminate kings of France used to do. To show herself to any one she always considered in the light of a favor.

Capricious to a degree, she caused a number of useful fields to be laid out with sugar-cane and truffles; in addition to this she built on the estate a superb stable in which she kept about seventy milch cows disposed in two long rows, each manger with the name of its occupant attached—Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, etc., much to the horror of the scandalized local priest. Here in this stable the marquise would pass long hours, stating that the smell which pervaded the place was most wholesome, and especially kept the skin fresh.

During one of her visits to Setlimello her little dog died; she determined to bury it herself, and I can still see her, double-gloved, muffled with thick veils, and protected by a large umbrella, digging with a spade the little grave in which she placed the body of the pet, enclosed in a rich casket, covered with flowers. A few weeks later when I was ill, and my mother expressed her anxiety with regard to me, the marquise was heard to say in her insinuating tone, always so carefully modulated with regard to its musical effect, "Poor Eriminia, if she were to lose her son. Ah! I know how I suffered with my poor Fannie"—the little dog above referred to.—Signor Rindi.

Practicing with Bogus Diplomas.

A painful discovery that I have made concerning the profession in America is that it embraces a certain number of men now practising by means of forged medical degrees, professedly conferred by the University of Zurich. When the bandle announced, two years ago, the publication of a statistical report, covering the fifty years of the university's history, he was besieged with letters offering him sums of money for the insertion of names of men practicing in America, and a caller one day offered him a handful of bank notes and a heavy purse of gold in the name of a foreigner then practicing in New York state.

These two facts taken together, the preposterous ease with which the degree M. D. may be obtained and the total want of efficient control of the medical profession by the state authorities doubtless explain in great measure the contemptuous manner in which European physicians speak of the brotherhood in America and the dubious light in which they regard American diplomas. Their view is not the result of wholesale prejudice, for such men as Gross and Knapp are appreciated in Germany perhaps more highly than in America, and American skill in the manipulations of operative surgery and the excellence of American surgical instruments are always fairly regarded.—Zurich Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Clever Swindlers Who Succeed.

The most successful of swindlers among men are those who promise to gratify the greed of their fellows. This is why sawdust games flourish with a degree of prosperity that puts all other forms of cheating to the blush. People will travel 3,000 miles to buy $10,000 worth of counterfeit money for $1,000, and when they find they have bought nothing but sawdust, the consciousness that they have met a man who is sharper than themselves, keeps their mouths shut. The female swindlers usually pick out a credulous man or one who is overwhelmed with a sense of his own importance, and by cleverness and unceasing devotion manage to interest him. Once secured they hold on with a grip of iron. The least clever women swindlers make easy victims of men by practicing on their conceit or pride.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cigarette Smoking in Winter.

"The practice of cigarette smoking in the open air during a cold winter," said an well known physician, "is undoubtedly a good thing for those who are inveterate smokers. When smoking a cigar in the open air, the thermometer being below zero, the nicotine, which should pass away with the smoke, is condensed in the mouth and enters the system, producing nervousness. In my opinion, one cigar smoked out of doors is more injurious than a dozen smoked in a warm room. As to health, I would recommend cigarette smoking in winter."—Pioneer Press "Listener."

Swedish Colony in the Wilderness.

Fifteen years ago a little company of fifty Swedish colonists came to Maine, sailed up the St John river, and made a home in the Aroostook wilderness. There are now nearly 1,100 souls in the colony at New Sweden, with two churches, six schools, and many well-tilled farms. "Children in the Woods" the colonists call themselves. They are hard workers, the women with their wooden shoes toiling in the fields with the men, and, unlike most immigrants, they have furnished no recruits for our poor-houses and jails.—Chicago Times.

A Consolation for Poor Folks.

One of the most curious phases of human nature shows itself in that oft-made remark, "Well, he didn't take his millions with him." Enough consolation has been drawn from that circumstance to make a host of poor people half content with their lot.—Exchange.

Japanese Society of Investigation.

A society called the Dai Nippon Keizai Kai (Japanese Economic league) has been organized in Japan. Its object is to investigate the economic system of modern nations, with a view to the establishment of such a system in Japan.

Seems as if Hallowell, Me., ought to be a good place for the telephone.—Commercial Bulletin.

——Whole pepper ground to order at Murray's drug store. tf

SLANG

Slang, profoundly considered, is the lawless germinal element, below all words and sentences, and behind all poetry, and proves a certain freedom and perennial rankness and protestantism in speech. As the United States inherit by far their most precious possession—the language they talk and write—from the Old World, under and out of its feudal institutes, I will allow myself to borrow a smile even of those forms furthest removed fom American democracy. Considering language then, as some mighty potentate, into the majestic audience hall of the monarch ever enters a personage like one of Shakespeare's clown's, and takes position there, and plays a part even in the stateliest ceremonies. Such is slang or indirection, an attempt of common humanity to escape from bald literalism and express itself illimitably, which in highest walks produces poets and poems, and doubtless in prehistoric times gave the start to and perfected the whole immense tangle of the old mythologies. For, curious as it may appear, it is strictly the same impulse source, the same thing. Slang, too, is the wholesome fermentation or eructation of those processes eternally active in langunge by which froth and specks are thrown up, mostly to pass away, though occasionally to settle and permanently crystalize. To make it plainer, it is certain that many of the oldest and solidest words we use were originally generated from the daring and license of slang. In the processes of word formation myriads die, but here and there the attempt attracts superior meanings, becomes valuable and indispensable, and lives forever. Thus the term right means literally only straight. Wrong primarily meant twisted, distorted. Integrity meant oneness. Spirit meant breath or flame. A supercilious person was one who raised his eyebrows. To insult was to leap against. If you influenced a man you but flowed into him. The Hebrew word which is translated prophesy meant to bubble up and pour fourth as a fountain. The enthusiast bubbles up with the Spirit of God within him, and it pours forth from him like a fountain. The word prophecy is misunderstood. Many suppose that it is limited to mere prediction; that it is but the lesser portion of prophecy. The greater work is to reveal God. Every true religious enthusiast is a prophet.

CIGARETTE MAKING.

"How many cigarettes can a girl make in a day?" was asked of a manufacturer recently.

"That depends upon how nimble her fingers are. A smart, quick girl can make about three thousand five hundred. The pay is from seventy to eighty cents per hundred, according to the grade of cigarette made. There are very few girls who can make more than two thousand per day. Making the cigarette looks easy enough, but if you should try it you would find it very hard and tedious. When a girl goes to her work in the morning she receives a small bundle of papers and two and three-quarter pounds of tobacco from which she must make one thousand cigarettes. A small piece of extra heavy paper about twice the size of cigarette paper is used in rolling a cigarette. One edge is pasted fast to a piece of marble or a smooth flat stone about one foot square that is on a table. A stick about a foot in length and about as thick as a match is used to paste with. The paste is made of pure starch and water. The cigarette paper is laid on the heavy paper, and a small quantity of tobacco is put on it. Then the edge of the heavy paper is turned over, and, by sliding the flat of the hand over it, the cigarette is rolled. Then the paste stick is run over one edge of the cigarette paper, and one more roll completes the cigarette. After the ends are cut off it is ready for the trade.

"Great caution must be used when rolling and pasting, for if any were pasted crooked or soiled in any manner, or made too hard or too soft, the one thousand would be returned to the maker, who would have to make them over again. This happens very often, and is a loss of several hours to the maker. There may be plenty of enjoyment in smoking cigarettes, but there is none in making them."

MURDER THAT WILL NOT OUT.

Small, venomous serpents of Oriental countries have always been in vogue as a means of suicide, the asp of Cleopatra recurring to every one's memory as a prominent example. In certain parts of Bengal there is said to be a race of gypsies, one of whom, for a fee, will furnish a small cobra to any applicant, "and no questions asked." A man who desires to commit murder procures one of these reptiles and places it within a bamboo just long enough to let the head protrude at one end and the tail at the other. Armed with this deadly weapon the murderer creeps softly to his enemy's tent at dead of night, cuts a hole in the wall and introduces the bamboo. The tortured reptile, careless upon whom it wreaks its animosity, strikes its fangs into the sleeper. Then it is withdrawn and the assassin steals silently away.

Charles I., of England, is very fond of spaniels, and the breed of his dog is still famous in this country.

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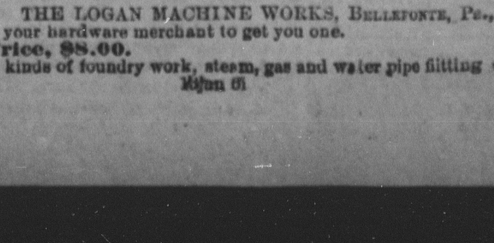

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			WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			11 20	p m
"	"	Harrisburg		2 30	a m
"	"	Montandon		5 46	a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 25	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 52	a m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 18	a m
"	"	Renovo		9 25	a m
"	arr at	Erie		5 15	p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia			4 30	a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 10	a m
"	"	Montandon		10 12	a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 25	a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 05	p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia			7 40	a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25	a m
"	"	Montandon		1 23	a m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 30	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 55	p m
"	"	Renovo		5 05	p m
"	"	Kane		9 25	p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia			11 50	p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 45	p m
"	"	Montandon		5 54	p m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 02	p m
"	arr at	Renovo		9 00	p m
		(Sunday Train)			
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			4 30	a m
"	"	Harrisburg		7 40	a m
"	"	Montandon		9 37	a m
"	"	Williamsport		10 40	a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 33	a m
"	arrives at	Renovo		12 30	p m
			EASTWARD.		
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven			7 00	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 29	a m
"	"	Williamsport		8 10	a m
"	"	Montandon		9 16	a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		11 30	a m
"	"	Philadelphia		3 15	p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane			6 15	a m
"	"	Renovo		10 10	a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 10	a m
"	"	Williamsport		12 20	p m
"	"	Montandon		1 25	p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		5 25	p m
"	"	Philadelphia		6 50	p m
RENOVO ACC'N leaves	Renovo			4 00	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		5 05	p m
"	"	Williamsport		6 20	p m
"	"	Montandon		7 27	p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		9 40	p m
"	"	Philadelphia		4 45	a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		2 40	p m
"	"	Renovo	11 00	p m
"	"	Lock Haven	12 03	p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 20	a m
"	"	Montandon	2 24	a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30	a m
"	"	Philadelphia	8 25	a m

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P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 50
1 50	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
2 00		6 25	Biehl	8 45		5 14
2 08		6 32	Vicksburg	8 38		5 05
2 22		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 24		4 52
2 40		6 59	Millmont	8 12		4 33
2 48		7 07	Laurelton	8 03		4 24
3 50		7 57	Coburn	7 15		3 15
4 00		8 04	Zerby	7 06		3 02
4 18		8 15	Rising Spring	6 55		2 45
4 27		8 24	Penn Cave	6 46		2 33
4 40		8 33	Centre Hall	6 37		2 20
4 50		8 40	Gregg	6 29		2 10
5 03		8 49	Linden Hall	6 21		1 57
5 12		8 54	Oak Hall	6 16		1 48
5 19		9 00	Lemont	6 10		1 41
5 27		9 07	Dale Summit	6 02		1 33
5 45		9 16	Pleasant Gap	5 54		1 15
5 50		9 19	Axemann	5 51		1 10
6 05		9 29	Bellefonte	5 40		1 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7.50 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Geronimo and nine other Indian captives were reported in camp on the 5th.

—The casket containing the remains of President Garfield was on the 6th placed in the heavy bronze sarcophagus in which it is to rest finally, at Cleveland, Ohio. When the new monument in Lake View Cemetery is completed, the sarcophagus will be placed in the base of that structure.

—The Senate Committee on Rules on the 6th, by a vote of four to one decided to report negatively the Platt resolution requiring Executive nominations to be considered in open session. Messrs. Sherman, Ingalls, Harris and Blackburn voted against the resolution, Mr. Frye in support of it.

—The Mayor of Cincinnati on the 6th appointed a new Superintendent of Police. The Police Commissioners refused to recognize the appointment, but suggested that the Mayor apply to the Supreme Court for a settlement of the matter.

—A dispatch from Portland, Oregon, says that on the 5th, as if by a programme laid out, the Chinese were being driven out of Seattle, Washington Territory. It is understood that the Knights of Labor are at the head of the movement.

—The Senate of U. S. on the 8th, confirmed various nominations, among them Edward A. Stevenson to be Governor of Idaho; D. Lynch Pringle, Secretary of Legation to the Central American States, and Hamilton C. Jones, U. S. Attorney for Western North Carolina. The President on the 8th, nominated Walter H. Miller to be Postmaster at Cape May, New Jersey; John M. Mudd, Postmaster at Emporium, Penna., and A. K. Linderman, Postmaster at Troy, Penna.

—Senor Carlos Marti, the oldest Spanish merchant of New York, died on the 7th, at his country seat of Marianao, in Cuba, where he was spending the winter. He was in his 79th year. He retired from active business a few years ago.

—The game of chess between Zukertort and Steinitz, at St. Louis, resulted in a draw, on the 8th.

—A telegram from Harrisburg on the 8th, says that appeals to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania from the decision of the Court of Common Pleas of Dauphin county have been filed in the cases of the Northern Central Railroad, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Pennsylvania Company, the Bedford and Bridgeport, and the Southwestern Railroad Companies.

—John K. Randall, Librarian of the Mercantile Library in Baltimore, shot himself through the heart on the 8th. He was about 32 years of age, apparently exemplary in his habits, and no cause is assigned for the deed.

—In the Senate of New Jersey on the 8th, the Local Option bill came up on second reading as a special measure. After debate between Messrs. Fish and Youngblood for and against its consideration, the bill was ordered to be engrossed and to have a third reading by a vote of 16 to 1.

—Thomas C. Carlock, President of the "Texas Oklahoma Homestead Colony," was arrested in Denison, Texas, on the 8th, on a charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes, and was committed in default of bail. His plan was "to induce parties who were solicited to join the colony to send him two dollars, which would entitle them to membership and a homestead of 100 acres of land."

—The President on the 9th, nominated Henry White, of Maryland, now Second Secretary of the United States Legation in London, to be Secretary of that Legation, in place of William J. Hoppin, resigned; Charles R. Phelps, of Vermont, Second Secretary of Legation at London; John D. Kennedy, of South Carolina, Consul General at Shanghai; George M. Stearns, U. S. Attorney for Massachusetts; Allen R. Bushnell, U. S. Attorney for Western Wisconsin, and Walter S. Braden, Postmaster at New Brighton, Penna.

—Major General Winfield Scott Hancock died suddenly on Governor's Island, New York, on the 9th. He was 62 years of age. The cause of his death was a malignant carbuncle on the neck; but he appears to have been in failing health for some time.

—Lieutenant Maus has arrived at Fort Bowie, Arizona, and confirms the Statement telegraphed by General Crook regarding the attack on the late Captain Crawford's command in Mexico.

—The Fischer murder trial at Wilkesbarre on the 9th resulted in a verdict of murder in the second degree against Frederick Walter, Charles Sharpe and Henry Close.

—The Baptist ministers of Chicago, on the 7th adopted a resolution, declaring it impossible to raise $300,000 to pay an insurance company for the property of the University of Chicago, and recommending that "steps be taken toward a new building."

—No further trouble is reported at Seattle, Washington Territory, though a bitter feeling exists there. The city remains under military law. Eight companies of United States Infantry arrived from Vancouver last night, and the city was turned over to the regular troops. Gen. Gibbon was expected to arrive here on the 10th, and confer with Governor Squire in regard to the course to be pursued. It is believed there will be no more rioting.

—The President on the 10th, nominated Stephen A. Walker to be United States Attorney for Southern New York, in place of William Dorsheimer, resigned; Berthold Greenbaum, of California, Consul at Apia, Samoa; Galusha Pennell, United States Marshal for Eastern Michigan, and Christopher Franks, United States Marshal for California.

—The eighth game in the chess contest between Messrs. Zukertort and Steinitz was played on the 10th in St. Louis, and was won by Steinitz, Zukertort resigning after the 38th move. Each contestant has now won four games. The contest will be resumed at New Orleans in two weeks.

—John Stein, a once wealthy furniture dealer of New York city, died in a hospital in Chicago on the 6th, after having attempted suicide. His downfall is explained thus: "He adopted anarchist views, and became convinced that he should not employ labor under such conditions as existed in this age. He discharged his 300 operatives, sold his establishment at a ruinously low figure, became more and more enthusiastic over his political views, took to drink, and died homeless and friendless in a charity hospital."

—Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, is ill from exhaustion and failure of the digestive powers, in Utica, New York.

—The funeral of General Hancock will take place on Saturday. Services will be held in Trinity Church, New York, Rev. Morgan Dix officiating after which the remains will be conveyed by a special train to Philadelphia, and thence to Norristown, where the interment will take place in the Hancock mausoleum. There will be no military display at the funeral, as it was the desire of the deceased that the obsequies should be of the simplest character. The only troops in line will be those accompanying the body from Governor's Island to New York City.

—In the Senate of New Jersey on the 10th the bill to prevent the bridging of the Arthur Kill was ordered to a third reading without debate. In joint sessions of both Houses Charles A. Butts, of Burlington, was elected State Director of railroads and canals over Henry J. Hopper, of Hudson, by a vote of 44 to 32.

—The treasury department has directed an appeal to the United States Supreme Court of the case of Weddigen et. al. against Robertson, involving the questions affecting the dutiable value of worsted bindings and galloons a trial of which in New York resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 8th, Mr. Eustis offered a resolution directing the Finance Committee to inquire into an alleged refusal to receive silver dollars at the New Orleans Sub-Treasury. During the discussion of this resolution Mr. Sherman took the floor in its support. In the course of his remarks he said the inquiry was entirely proper, and that the Senate had a perfect right to anything on the Executive files either relating to this subject or to Executive appointments, suspensions or removals. This precipitated a debate upon the question as to the right of the Senate to information regarding removals. The debate was continued by Messrs. Saulsbury, Pugh and Morgan, after which the resolution went over. The Senate then went into executive session, and when the doors were reopened adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 9th the bill appropriating $100,000 for a public building in Camden, N. J., was passed. The Education bill was considered, and Mr. Blair explained and advocated its provisions. A bill was passed appropriating $100,000 for a public building at Lancaster, Penna. Mr. Cameron called up the bill to provide an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Logan offered an amendment for the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War. The amendment was ordered to be printed, and the bill went over. The bill to grant the right of way through the public lands for irrigation purposes was passed. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 10th Mr. Eustis' resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to the refusal of the Assistant Treasurer at New Orleans to receive shipments of silver and to issue silver certificates therefor, was discussed by Messrs. Call, Plumb, Coke, Beck, Teller, George, Edmunds and Gibson, after which it went over. Mr. Dolph submitted an amendment to Mr. Sherman's silver bill, which was ordered to be printed. In the original bill it is provided that the amount of coin certificates at any time outstanding should not exceed the cost of the bullion purchashed by such certificates. Mr. Dolph's amendment is to strike out the words "the cost of the bullion purchased by such certificates," and make the provision read as follows: "The amount of such certificates at any time outstanding shall not exceed the market value of the bullion in the Treasury purchased under the provisions of this act and retained as security for such certificate; and whenever at the end of any fiscal year such outstanding certificates shall be in excess, in amount of the market value of such bullion, the Secretary of the Treasury shall retire and withhold from circulation an amount of such certificates received by the United States for customs, taxes and public dues equal to such an excess until such time as the same can be put in circulation without increasing the amount of such certificates beyond the market value of such bullion." After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 8th a number of Bills and resolutions were introduced under the call of States and referred Mr. Crane of Texas, from the Committee on Labor, reported a bill constituting eight hours a day's work for all laborer's, etc., employed by the United States Goverment. It was placed on the public calendar. The "Half Gallon Liquor Tax bill" was considered in Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Weaver of Iowa made a speech on the financial question. The committee then rose and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 9th a reply was received from the Secretary of the Treasury to the resolution seeking for statement of the amount applied to the sinking fund during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885. The Secretary gives the following figures: Bonds, principal, $45,588,150; interest, $271,667,32; fractional currency redeemed, $15,885,-43; total, $45,875,702,75. Bills were reported from committees providing for the investigation of the discovery of preventing yellow fever by inoculation, and to reduce the fee on money orders for $5 or less than 5 cents The bill in aid of an American Exposition to be held in London in May next was reported adversely. The Half Gallon Tax bill was considered in Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Findlay, of Maryland, spoke at length in opposition to the Bland act, and dwell upon its mischievous results. Mr. Warner followed on the silver side, after which the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 10th Mr. Blanchard, of Louisiana, presented resolutions expressing sorrow for the death of General Hancock. The resolutions were adopted and the House adjourned.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's tastes, habits or preferences.

Let ally our mutual accommodations be spontaneous, wholesouled and free as air.

Alexander being asked how he conquered the world, replied, "By not delaying."

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.

Virtue requires no other recompense than the tribute of self-approbation and respect.

He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.

One is never conscientious during action; only the looker-on has a conscience.

Ill temper and smoke are about equal in their ability to drive a man out of the house.

You can no more get good by doing evil than you can get wool from a hydraulic ram.

To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain instruction from every one.

A hesitating or grum yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart.

Those who marry for physical characteristics or external considerations will fail of happiness.

Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation or sphere of the other.

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all, and him least of all who is indifferent about all.

Fancy rules over two-thirds of the universe, the past and the future, while reality is confined to the present.

Domestic rule is founded upon truth and love. If it has not both of these it is nothing better than a despotism.

"I can't do it," never did anything; "I will try", has worked wonders; and "I will do it," has performed miracles.

Some there are who gaze intently into the well of truth but only in hopes of seeing their own images reflected there.

Never reflect upon the past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgement at the time.

The beautiful in heart, is a million times of more avail in securing domestic happiness than the beautiful person.

There are some human tongues which have two sides like that of certain quadrupeds, one smooth, and the other rough.

Man is in friendship what woman is in love, and the reverse, namely, more covetous of the object than of the feeling for it.

Heaven's gates are wide enough to admit every sinner in the universe who is penitent, but too narrow to admit a single sin.

Shame does not consist in having nothing to eat, but in not having wisdom enough to exempt you from fear and sorrow.

It may be slightly Hiberman, but it is nevertheless true, that the best way to look at the faults of your friends is to shut your eyes.

A gossip ought not to rank as the equal of a sagacious clam; for the clam knows to a nicety when to shut up, but the gossip does not.

Happiness consists not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. He who wants little has always enough.

Man is an animal that cannot long be left in safety without occupation, the growth of his fallow nature is apt to run to weeds.

It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life, it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

Look out for a people entirely devoid of religion; but if you find them at all, be assured that they are but a few degrees removed from the brutes.

Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into the deep and buffet the surges.

Let your pleasures be taken as Daniel took his prayers—with the windows open; pleasures which need not cause a single blush on an ingenuous cheek.

The old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgement, is not dead yet.

Men are like an old-fashioned country wagon. When it is loaded everything seems to work well and smoothly, but when it has nothing in it, it rattles with a noise that can be heard for miles.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gave him, He gives him for mankind.

A man may be in heaven long before he goes there, and a man may be perfectly sure that there is a hell here, even when he is doubtful about the one hereafter.

Put your foot down where you mean to stand, and let no man move you from the right. Learn to say "No" and it will be more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgement for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should myself dissent. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxcial than myself; but in philosophy I love to keep the road.

A Glove.

Ah, yesterday I found a glove
  Grown shabby, full of tiny rips,
But dear to me because my love
  Once through it thrust her finger-tips.

A glove one would not care to see
  Upon his arm in public street;
Yet here I own there is for me
  No relic in the world more sweet.

A faint, far scent of lavender
  Steals from it, as the clover smelt,
When through the fields I walked with her
  And plucked the blossoms for her belt.

Faith! but I loved the little hand,
  That used to wear this time-stained thing!
Its slightest gesture of command
  Would set my glad heart fluttering.

Or if it touched my finger, so,
  Or smoothed my hair—why should I speak
Of those old days? It makes, you know,
  The tears brim over on my cheek.

Poor stained, worn-out, long-wristed glove!
  I think it almost understands
That reverently and with love
  I hold it in my trembling hands.

And that it is so dear to me,
  With its old fragrance, fair and faint,
Because my mother wore it, she—
  On earth my love, in heaven my saint.

ADVENTURES OF A LOITERER.

Leonce de Verdun was a delightful fellow. He was twenty-five years old, had a beautiful black beard, elegantly trimmed, a coat cut in the latest style, an income of fifteen thousand francs, a law licentiate's diploma in a drawer, plenty of wit, much self-assurance, a good heart and an honorable name.

Having nothing to do, he was good for nothing. And how could he amuse himself? When a man is poor, the efforts necessary to him, his humble discouragements and joys, his disappointed hopes, are occupation enough for his mind. But it is quite otherwise to the man who lacks nothing. Agreeable lodgings, excellent meals, rides in the Bois and a box at the opera, are all a man wants, but they are not very satisfying. To begin over again every morning, and turn the same mill all day every day, makes a pretty poor life. So thought Leonce, as he tapped the pavement with his heels in a melancholy fashion.

Chance, however, gave him an idea, and rescued him from his heaviest monotony, that of living by himself. He found the unexpected, which is even more difficult to discover than the absolute.

He was mechanically following the long arcades of Rue de Rivoli one day when he heard two full, joyous, amusing voices. He saw before him two round, solid men, with happy faces. From the conversation he soon learned that they were provincials. Happy men! How they did enjoy themselves, and everything and everybody! And what plans they were making! For that day, the morrow, the next day, and the day after that. They did not hope to have time to see and do everything, but they were going to try.

An idea flashed into Leonce's mind like lightning. "I do not know what to do," he thought; "I will do just what these men do. Perhaps it will be interesting. I will follow them all day, and will be the voluntary slave of two men who do not suspect their power."

Leonce did as he proposed, and at the end of the day he was surprised to find that he really enjoyed himself. He had seen in the very Paris where he had been born a host of things of whose existence he had never dreamed.

This day having proved one of the most agreeable in his life, Leonce resolved to repeat the same method of procedure as often as possible. Every morning about nine o'clock he went to lounge on the Rue de Rivoli, and as soon as he saw a provincial of attractive appearance he gave the direction of his life for that day into his hands.

We must acknowledge that Leonce soon preferred the ladies to the gentlemen; because, to be sure, the lady brought him more amusement than the gentleman. The woman is immensely superior in imagination; her caprices have infinite variety; the unexpected has a larger part in her existence; she must see everything, and nothing fatigues her; she is enterprising, ingenious, curious; in short, she is a woman.

Leonce, then, preferred for his purposes, families in which there were women.

One morning he had good fortune at the very outset. He saw a man about sixty years old, square built, rubicund, and wrapped in an ample cloak; on his arm leaned a woman of fifty, tall and thin, with a remnant of beauty.

"M. Dulaurier," said she, with not the least caution not to be heard by the passers, "we can truly say that we have a beautiful sight before us."

"You are right a thousand times, Madame Dulaurier! But there are the girls far in advance of us!"

"Louise! Louisette!" called Madame Dulaurier, and two young women, who preceded their father and mother by a few steps, stopped and waited.

Louise was evidently older than her sister Louisette. She was tall and imposing like her mother; she loved linen of dazzling whiteness laid in order in great oaken presses. She was a woman of strong mind.

Louisette, on the other hand, was slender, fair and naturally elegant, though she wore an ill-made dress. She had small feet, and her long, slender hands sought the green ribbons of her hat with a gesture instinctively coquettish, which did not escape Leonce's all-seeing Parisian eyes. He thought her charming, but awkward, and he began to follow the four with a special attention.

About ten o'clock they all entered a cafe for breakfast, and Leonce took a a seat at the table near, so as to face Louisette. In a few moments he risked a glance at the young lady, who did not turn away her eyes. He attempted still more, and threw all the magnetism possible into his eyes; but this time the girl blushed slightly, leaned to speak to her mother, and did not look up again.

After breakfast the strangers took the cars for Saint Cloud, still followed by Leonce.

After an hour's walk through the long alleys of the park under a scorching sun, they began to feel greatly fatigued, and Leonce heard Madame Dulaurier exclaim: "I wonder if we shall never come to a drop of water? I am so tired. I am ready to drop."

This was Leonce's opportunity, and he went straight to Madame Dulaurier, hat in hand.

"Madame," said he, "I should never forgive myself if I did not come to your aid. I know this park thoroughly, and I can show you the fountain of Sainte-Marie, renowned through the country."

"A thousand thanks, sir," said Madame Dulaurier, surprised and charmed by the young man's grace of manner.

He then offered to show them the way to the fountain, and with much gaiety and kindly feeling they set out together.

Louise and Louisette walked a little in advance of their parents and Leonce.

"Do you not think," said Louise, "that this gentleman resembles wonderfully the one who was in the restaurant with us?"

"Why, certainly not!" replied Louisette. "All Parisians look alike." But she blushed as she spoke.

When they reached the fountain they were already acquainted, and were mutually pleased. They would soon be friends if circumstances favored.

"Oh! father," said Louise, instead of returning to that tiresome Paris, let us stay here till evening."

"Till evening? My dear, it is impossible. We do not know the ways, and we have no place to dine."

"If that is all," Leonce hastened to say, "I am subject to your orders. I can take you across to Clamart, where I know of a pretty restaurant, with arbors, flowers and fountains, where you can dine even better than in Paris. It may be that my society is not agreeable to you, but yours, sir, and that of these ladies, is so much to my taste that I should be very sorry to leave you."

Madame Dulaurier, more and more charmed by Leonce's manners, replied instantly:

"I accept on my own authority, at the risk of encroaching on my husband's rights."

"I must at least, then, introduce myself to you in a more regular manner. I am the Viscount Leonce de Verdun."

"And I, sir," said M. Dulaurier, "am Adolphe Dulaurier, old notary; these are my wife and our daughters."

In an hour they were seated in the arbor promised by Leonce, and were altogether friends. Leonce had accepted with warm gratitude an invitation from Madame Dulaurier to visit them at their Flemish village home.

"Do you not think," whispered Louise to Louisette, "that father and mother became friends very easily and quickly with this stranger?"

"Why, no, replied Louisette;" it is perfectly natural."

Two months later Leonce alighted at the railway station, Donai, and M. Dulaurier offered his hand in welcome. He now had time to appreciate M. Dulaurier's unaffected kindliness, and, strange to say, the provincial, who had seemed to him slightly ridiculous in Paris, seen at home appeared to the young man as he really was—simple, natural, sympathetic and gentle.

Leonce was received with the most demonstrative joy by Madame Dulaurier, with a cordial salutation by Louise, with an odd little smile by Louisette. It was nearly seven o'clock, and M. Dulaurier rose, saying; "Since Van der Veide is not in yet, let him run after his partridges, and let us dine without him."

The repast was a real Flemish dinner, with all the meats, poultry and game possible, an enormous quantity of beer and all the wines one could think of.

After dinner, which was prolonged quite into the evening, M. Daulaurier, in consideration of his guest's fatigue, conducted him to his room at once. Leonce set himself to opening his trunks and portmanteaux. At length he drew from a portfolio a letter daintily folded and perfumed; and began to read aloud, as follows:

"I love you, Louise! Sweet and charming as you are, who would not love you? It is for this reason that I left Paris; It was to tell you this. For two months I have thought only of you, and of the happy day when I traveled with you the day that determined my life. Oh, Louise! Louise! If you only loved me!"

"It is very good," said Leonce to himself. "I never expressed a note more suitably. Now the question is how to convey it to my lady. The simplest way is the best, of course. I'll put it under the door into her room. But where is her room? That is the question."

He then began to smoke a cigar, attentive, however, to every sound in the house. He had not long to wait, he soon heard light steps in the passage, the rustle of a robe; he rose quickly and opened his door with the greatest caution, just in time to see Louisette's delicate figure enter a room on the left at the end of the gallery.

Our hero allowed a few moments to elapse, and then, stepping like a cat, visited the door through which Louisette had disappeared, and adroitly slipped under that door the letter he had prepared.

"Good!" he thought; "my letter will be the first thing she sees in the morning."

Then he went to bed, humming a tune, and slept the sleep of the just.

At seven the next morning he was awakened by a very lively sensation in his arm, as if it had been tightly grasped by iron pincers. Standing by his bed and holding his arm was a sort of giant, fully six feet tall, with the frame of Polyphemus, only this Cyclops had two little round eyes, which were flashing fire; and he had a loud, hoarse, gutteral voice.

"Get up, Parisian!" said he. "I am Van der Veide!"

"Very well," said Leonce, half asleep and completely stupefied; "what shall I do about it?"

But the other lifted him by the arm, like a feather, and set him in the middle of the room.

"What does this mean?" cried Leonce.

"This means that I am going to cut your throat, Parisian!"

"But what for?"

"No explanations!" howled the giant.

"Yes; but—"

"No explanations! dress yourself and follow me!"

Van der Veide, seizing Leonce by the arm, dragged him after him down a retired stairway to a deserted street. At the end of a few seconds he knocked at the door of a house and entered with Leonce still in tow.

Leonce found himself in the presence of four men, who were introduced to him, two as his own witnesses, and two as those of Van der Veide, and who were all acquainted with the cause of the duel, as Van der Veide explained.

"But," objected Leonce, "men do not fight thus, without a motive—"

"Ah-ha, Parisian! Perhaps, then, you are a——"

Leonce was brave enough, and did not allow Van der Veide to finish his sentence.

"I follow you, sir," he said quickly.

At the end of a few moments' walk they came to a little grove. One of the witnesses carried the swords. The four witnesses chose a spot, and set the giant and the young man in their places.

Leonce was a very pretty fencer, and parried the first blows successfully, even scratching his adversary's hand.

The Cyclops, furious at his wound, falling on Leonce with the force of a wild bull, pierced the young man's arm through and slightly wounded him in the breast. Horribly pale, Leonce fell to the earth.

Van der Veide rushed to his side, and examined his hurt with anguish.

"*Maladroit* that I am!" he cried in a trembling tone; "I meant only to touch his arm, and his breast is wounded!"

Leonce held out his hand.

"Why the devil, then, do you write love letters to my wife?" cried Van der Veide. "And what a silly action to throw the letter into her room! I picked it up myself."

"What!" murmured Leonce. "Louise your wife! You the husband of a girl of seventeen! Well, sir, I congratulate you; your wife is the prettiest blonde I ever saw."

"Blonde! Poor boy; he doesn't know what he is saying. My wife is quite dark. She is twenty-eight years old, too. He is confounding her with her sister, Louisette, who is altogether too fair."

"Your sister, sir! But my letter was for her. I saw her go into that room, and—"

"Indeed! Another mistake of mine! My sister did follow my wife to her room to bid her good night, and remained there but a few moments."

"Then, sir, you are not the pretty girl's husband. I can forgive you my would."

Leonce had lost much blood and he fainted.

When consciousness returned Monsieur and Madame Dulaurier were busied in caring for him, Van der Veide was weeping at the foot of his bed, and Louisette was watching him with a pale and anxious face.

"Ah!" murmured poor Van der Veide, "to think that I should have supposed—but it was not my wife."

"No explanations!" said Leonce, extending his sound hand to the giant. "No explanations!"

And this is what a man gains by running after the country folks; he finds a wife, which is the best fortune I can wish you!

Never allow a request to be repeated.

The Forsaken Farmhouse.

Against the wooded hills it stands,
Ghost of a dead home, staring through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
The poor forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and rife with goldon corn
And pale green breadths of rye,

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tangle only left
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms;
Beside the roofless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould of dust and drouth,
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking eves;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so dear! It seems almost
Some haunting Presence makes its sign;
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine!

THE BOTTLE.

"I believe I'll have a glass of something comfortable," said Tom Barnaby.

Tom Barnaby was not a member of any temperance society whatever, and had no dislike to the taste of liquor. Not that he was a drinking man. Oh, dear, no! Never was drunk in his life; never even slightly overcome by liquor. But still—well, still, a nice glass of something comfortable struck Tom in a pleasant light, and he generally took it when it did.

To-night it was cold and chilly and gloomy, and the wind rattled the shutters and crooned down the chimney, and made a banshee of itself along the street; and Tom, who was not very fond of reading, could not lose himself in book or magazine, and there was no one to talk to, and the resolution above recorded seemed to be the most natural thing in the world. "A glass of something comfortable," said Tom, "and a biscuit, and then I'll turn in."

Then Tom went to the closet to look for a vessel in which to bring the necessary liquor for the comfortable something from the corner store, and spied on an upper shelf a green bottle, with a fat body and a long neck, which had nothing in it, and smelled of nothing, and he set it upon the table, while he stirred the fire and put the kettle on, that everything might be ready on his return.

Mrs. Tom was absent from home, and Tom was keeping house for himself. He was on his knees before the stove, raking it, when he heard a groan; but it had such a ghostly sound that he started.

"What's that?" he cried; and something answered:

"Only me."

And jumping to his feet, Tom Barnaby stood staring about; for there was nothing in the room that ought to have had a voice but himself—not even a kitten or canary bird.

"Who is me?" cried Tom.

"Tom ought to know," said the voice.

And this time Tom saw it came from the green bottle.

"Hanged if it isn't the bottle!" said Tom. "Is it spirits, or what?"

And the bottle answered:

"Yes, worse luck. It is spirits. Bad spirits, too. Gin, rum and brandy—whiskey and alcohol!"

"Oh, that kind!" said Tom.

"Yes," said the bottle. "F ve devils. I've been possessed by them all. Years and years they led me such a life that I wished I was smashed; years and years until your wife got me and put blessed vinegar in me. Nice, sharp, respectable vinegar, that never did worse than give some poor cabbage eater the colic. And I thought I should end my days as a decent vinegar bottle, and here I am—going to have one of the devils back, I know. Oh, what did that dear woman go away for? Why did she go?"

Tom, who had grown used to the phenomenon of a talking bottle, and did not mind it at all by this time, nodded his head sagely.

"Right there," he said. "It's exceedingly uncomfortable to have wife away, but you are very foolish to talk as you do. What harm is there in a moderate drink? All you'd hold wouldn't hurt a fly. You've been listening to teetotallers."

"I haven't been listening to anybody," said the bottle. "I've formed my own conclusions. There was a time when I thought as you do. It was when I was a brand new bottle, with a gilt label, 'Best Holland Gin,' on me, and my owner, the liquor dealer, took me out of my case and handed me to Jack Barker, who had just finished painting the store.

"'Here, Jack,' says he, 'this will help you keep Christmas.'

"'Thank ye,' said Jack; and off I went under his arm.

"And there, in a bright little room, with a pretty wife and nice old grandfather, and two cunning little babies looking on, he opened me.

"'What a nice smell!' said she—the pretty wife.

"And then he made some stuff with lemon and sugar, and they all drank some, and the babies looked at the light shining through my green sides and the gilt label on me. And the old grandfather said the drink had gone to his head, and he should have to be carried up-stairs, and they laughed at that, because it was such a good joke.

"I liked myself then and what was in me.

"Before I was empty the first time I felt pleased to be such a favorite as I was.

"Ah, dear, I was filled up again and again, and again; and after awhile I began to see things change in and about me. The wife's face was not so bright; the old grandfather never laughed; the baby's toes were out and one day Jack staggered in, took me up, drank the last drop from me, and tumbled into a chair. The wife began to cry.

"'Oh, Jack!' says she. 'Oh, Jack! how I hate that dreadful bottle. We were so happy before it came into the house!'

"She blamed me, but I knew it was the evil spirit in me that she meant.

"'You've lost your place, Jack,' says she. 'Everything has changed. You don't care for the children. It's all that bottle.'

"But Jack was too tipsy to care what she said. He staggered over to the table, took me be the neck and carried me to a liquor store. There they put another evil into me. That one drove the furniture out of the house; bit by bit it was pawned.

"Then they left the house itself and were living in a cellar somewhere. She took in washing; some of the money she earned went for more evil spirits to fill me.

"Didn't I loathe myself? One night I sat on the table and saw the old grandfather lying dead and Jack drunk on the floor at the foot of the bed. Didn't I loathe myself? I tried to topple off, but I couldn't manage it. If ever a bottle did desire to smash itself, I did. But it was no use. Happy bottles, beautiful cut glass cologne bottles, innocent water bottles have been broken when they most desired to last, no doubt; but I, who had become a dwelling place for devils, I lasted.

"They carried the old grandfather away, and his poor daughter got a black dress somehow. One night Jack went sneaking out of the house with a bundle under one arm and me under the other. The bundle was his wife's mourning dress for her father. He took it to a pawn-shop and pawned it for enough to fill me twice. The poor woman never had a descent dress again.

"She was in rags. She was hungry. I've seen Jack clutch her hand and wrench the money she'd earned for her children's bread from it and then go off with me. Think of it! I had to aid and abet him, and hear her say things about me that were very natural, seeing she did not know how I hated the devils that lived in me, but that were hard to bear. But he fell down stairs with me in his pocket, and broke his head, and didn't break me. He hit me against things, to their injury, not mine. I must have a guardian devil, I lasted so.

"One day—it was such a bitter day, ice and snow and sleet everywhere—just five years from the Christmas I'd been made a present to Jack, he stood, ragged and dirty, at a bar-room stove, with me in his pocket—my neck sticking out. In came the proprietor.

"'Now, Jack Barker, says he, 'why don't you go home?'

"He was ashamed to have him there, you see, a ragged creature with his toes out, and a black eye and a broken nose. He used to be called Handsome Jack Barker before he took to filling me. Think of that.

"Now he looked up with a miserable, abject whine.

"'Go home with an empty bottle on a Christmas eve?' says he. 'You didn't use to say go home when I came here with full pockets, Mr. Jones.

"'Well, no, I didn't,' said the man; 'but it would have been better if I had. I'll fill your bottle for you, Jake Barker.'

"He filled it—goodness knows with what—and the poor wretch staggered home. Oh, the wretched cellar; the miserable straw bed in the corner; the wife lying sick upon it. I remember them so well.

"She was very sick, and there was a little baby beside her. Just think of another baby there.

"'Happy Christmas!' said he, as he staggered in. 'Happy Christmas, old girl!'

"'Happy!' said she. 'Oh, this dreadful day! That bottle came to us first on Christmas.'

It takes so little to put a drunken man in a rage. He answered with an oath.

"'Anybody would think I was drunk to hear you talk,' said he. And the poor woman answered:

"'Oh, good heaven! are you ever sober? Oh, Jack! Jack!'

'And then he flew at her. He took me by the neck and beat her over the head with me. The cork fell out and the liquor poured over her breast and over the face of the little baby lying upon it. It mingled with her blood.

"At first she screamed. Then she lay still. Her face grew white. I knew I was a murderer. 'Oh, let me break! I cried. 'Let me be broken into fragments!' But her fair flesh was mashed to pulp, her delicate bones broken, and I was sound as ever, when Jack, led by Heaven knows what mad fancy, left his victim and staggered into the street again. The snow was falling. The air was white with it. He staggered along muttering to himself. At last he came to a wharf, and stumbled across it. I believe a boat lay there on which he had been once before and on which they had given him drink.

"'Sea Bird, ahoy! cried he. 'Hullo! hullo! Sea Bird, ahoy!'

"Nobody answered him.

"'I'm coming abroad,' he muttered—'I'm coming abroad. I shan't stay at home to be preached to. I'm my own master.'

"Then he took one step more. Splash—crash! He was through the thin ice under the water.

"'Thank Heaven,' said I, my miserable career is ended.

"Then I turned cold as ice myself, and there was a roaring in my neck.

"Next thing I knew it was broad daylight, and I was floating on the water.

"'There's a bottle,' said some one. It was a bare-legged boy. He stooped over the side of a boat and caught me.

"'There was a man drowned here last night,' said he to another boy at his side.

"'Did you see him?' said this one.

"'Yes,' said the first. 'He was drunk and killed his wife. They've got an inquest on her, down in the cellar over there. I say, I'm going to sell this bottle to Bill, the junk man.'

"So, I was saved, and much against my will stood in the junk shop window for a week. The water had washed the blood off of me. I had no smell of liquor left, and along comes your wife.

"'What a nice, flat bottle!' says she, 'just what I want. How much for it?'

"And Billy charged her 4 cents, and home she brought me.

"'My career of vice has begun again,' said I. 'And I expected nothing else, but, bless the dear soul, she put vinegar in me—nice, sour, innocent, respectable vinegar—and I've been a good reformed bottle ever since. And now you—you—her husband, are going to put the devilish spirits into me again. For Heaven's sake, break me first! I don't want to destroy another household."

"You shan't," said Tom Barnaby. "Here you go back on your shelf. I leave you to innocence and vinegar; and I think I'll make a cup of strong coffee."

"Right," said the bottle.

And so the bottle stands still beside the cruet on Mrs. Barnaby's dresser; and Tom Barnaby is still a sober man.

Opium Auctions.

A certain number of chests of opium, as fixed by notification from the Government of India, are sold by public auction every month in one of the rooms of the Board of Revenue in Calcutta. The Secretary to the Board presides at the auction. The auctioneer is one of the assistants of the Board. The action-room is filled with the intending purchasers; several of them millionaires or their representatives, who have their recognized seats to which they are admitted by tickets. The auction is usually conducted in that calm and quiet manner which is suitable to transactions in which hundreds of thousands of pounds are involved. Each lot consists of five chests, and a native clerk holds up a blackboard, on which he exhibits in chalk the amount of the last bid. The excitement about the bidding is usually confined to the first few lots, when any good or bad news from China may have led to an alternation in the value of opium subsequently to the last monthly sale. The rival millionaires contend by a quiet nod to the auctioneer. The ruling price for the day is soon settled between them, as they well know to what limit they may safely go. The purchaser of one lot of the chests is at liberty to claim the next ten lots at the same price. The auction list is thus quickly run through.

When the millionaires have satisfied their wants for the day, the smaller speculators bid according to their requirements. As each lot is knocked down a clerk goes about with a little book to each purchaser, in which he gives a promissory note, payable on demand, for one-fourth the value of his purchase, with an engagement to pay the balance within ten days. From an unknown speculator a deposit in money is taken. Failure to complete a bargain is of very rare occurrence; but if default occurs the chests are put up for sale at the ensuing auction, at the risk of the defaulting purchaser, who is liable for any loss that may accrue if the price of opium has fallen when the resale takes place.

In the course of an hour the auction-room is empty, and the noisy outside crowd, which fills the courtyard of the board's premises, has dispersed. Payments for opium purchased are made by the merchants through the Bank of Bengal, and on the production of a certificate of payment the merchant receives a delivery order for the chests which he has purchased, and he at once removes them from the Government warehouse and consigns them to his agents or correspondents in China and the Straits by the swift steamers which trade between Calcutta and China.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Eccentric Poet of the Sierras.

The life of Joaquin Miller has been an interesting one. His true name is Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, and he was born in the Wabash district of Indiana, November 10, 1831. At 13 years of age he removed with his parents to Oregon. He then attempted mining, and lived an adventurous life in California. He served with Walker, in Nicaragua, and afterwards sojourned with the Indians. In 1860 he began to study law, and upon the breaking out of the war he published a Democratic paper at Eugene City, Oregon, in which his expressions of opinion were of so rank a character that the authorities saw fit to suppress it for disloyalty. He had then achieved a reputation as the author of poetic pieces marked by striking qualities, and was known as the "Poet of the Sierras."

In 1863, his attention was attracted by a series of graceful verses in the Western papers, which bore the signature of "Minnie Myrtle." The name of the writer was Miss Minnie Theresa Dyer. Mr. Miller called upon the lady, and after a three days' acquaintance married her. Domestic trouble soon followed, and in 1870 the couple were divorced. Miller went to England in 1871, and published a volume of poems called, "Songs of the Sierras," a portion of which had already been published under the same name in the United States. His efforts met with better success in England than they had done in America, and from that time forward his publications met with a ready sale.

The poet is a most eccentric man, and for many years his long hair, red shirt, unpolished boots and tramp-like appearance were a source of much comment. After his divorce from his Pacific coast wife he married into the Leland family of hotel fame. It is claimed that the fortune he had accumulated from his successful sale of his books was lost on Wall street, and the fact that to-day he works hard as a New York newspaper man, for moderate pay, leads to a belief in the report. His hair and clothing are now of conventional cut, and he walks Broadway unnoticed, save by those who know him. Perhaps his most popular book is "Songs of Italy." He is the author of that successful drama, "The Danites."

—Many new corsages are very short, not reaching to the waist line, with a basque underneath, either square, rounded or cutaway. Nothing is easier than to transform an old waist to suit this fashion, or to make such a one of a scant pattern of stuff. The collar, revers and cuffs may also be made of a different material from the dress, velvet, plush, astrachan or plain or brocaded silk. A group of three large buttons on each side of the corsage, and of six or eight on the skirt on the lengthwise plaits or panels at the sides, is very fashionable on wool or velvet costumes.

HOW MILLIONAIRES BATHE.

The Bath Rooms of the Vanderbilts, Mr. Marquand, Mr. Garrett and Others.

The millionaire's bath room marks the age. Nothing so gives the sign of the material prosperity of the country, the growth of luxury, the indulgence of the senses. In the past few years there have been placed in private residences a half dozen bath rooms that are veritably palatial. In fact, the prevailing style of the bath room of the money king has been suggested from those of royal palaces, and particularly from the famous one placed by Francis I. in the chateau of Chenonceaux on the Cher.

The chateau of Chenonceaux is now the home of M. Daniel Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grevy, and the bath room still remains one of the features of the interior. The walls are covered with small beveled mirrors, scarcely larger than a span. Between these panels runs a slender line of gold, and at the intersections hang metal drops like tears, and just long enough to be reflected in the glass. The effect is most limpid and brilliant, and the panels are so small that the purposes of a mirror are skillfully frustrated. The bath is of solid silver with the water issuing from swan's heads, which, with a mirror behind, produces the illusion of swans on the surface of the water. All the other appointments are in keeping with this magnificence, even to an ante room, where repose can be found with cigars after the bath.

The famous bath room in the palace of Fontainbleau was modeled after the Chenonceaux bath by Louis XVI, for his queen, Marie Antoinette. The bath, it will be remembered, is in an alcove of the ante room, and is just large enough for its purposes. The walls are paneled in large mirrors of beveled glass, and on these are painted Cupids with garlands of lace, above, around, about, and each as if about to leap from the air to earth.

This brings us directly to the present. The late Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's bath room is paneled in mirrors, but over these is painted a delicate lace-like design that is exquisite in effect, and destroys the power of the glass for reflection. Its magnificence, however, is exceeded by the bath room of his son, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. The walls are paneled with mirrors, and on these are painted apple blossoms, but by no means so thickly as to obscure the glass. The ceiling is in Henry II. panels of white and gold, with horses in the center. The bath is a solid block of marble, and the water issues from swan's, as in that of the chateau of Chenonceaux. Above the bath is a niche with a marble Venus prepared for the bath. There is a Pompeiian table of marble, beautifully carved, and a toilet adjoining of Ecaillon marble.

Mr. Henry Marquand has modeled his bath after the luxurious room in Jerome Bonaparte's superb house in Paris. In this the bath is sunk, Pompeiian fashion, in the floor, and above the ceiling is a beautiful summer sky. Mr. Marquand has had his walls wainscoted with cream-colored tiles. Above these is a painted frieze, representing flowers springing from a hedgerow; the arch of the ceiling springs from this frieze. This is given the semblance of the sky, across which birds are skimming. The marble bath is sunk several feet in the floor, and is reached by a descent of several steps. It is said that, exclusive of the artist's work, Mr. Marquand's bath room cost $4,000.

Works of art are considered nowhere more appropriate than in the bath room when their subjects are significant. In that of the late Mr. Charles J Osborne, at Mamaroneck, there is a large frame overlooking the bath by Mr. George Maynard. The subject is inevitably Venus with Loves at a fountain. The figures are life size in Limoges tiles fired by the Volkmar process. The walls otherwise are lined and ceiled with white white enamel tiles, with a spotless porcelain lined bath.

The last of the new and notable bath rooms is for Mr. Robert Garret's new Baltimore house. This is distinguished not only by the beauty of its decoration but by its process. The ceiling is by Mr. George Maynard, and represents a lattice on which morning glories twine. This design is painted on marble by means of an overlaying composition, and on being fired the medium melts away and the color sinking in, becomes incorporated with the marble. This endolithic process, as it is called, is new, and its results in the soft radiance of the blended color and marble are said to be very fine. The design is in radiating sections, which make room for small octagonal panels, which are to be mirrors on which Cupids are painted.

The bath room of Mrs. Seward Webb's house is like a cave of white marble. Walls, ceiling and bath are all of marble, and the only variation of tint is in the silver fixtures.

The bath rooms in the billiard house are conceived in a different way. To each chamber is attached a large, lofty bath room with mosaic floors, walls lined with white enamel tiles, porcelain lined bath and marble toilet, and instead of works of art the distinguishing feature is in the exposure of the plumbing.

A Ship-Canal for Rome.

There seems to be just now a rage for turning inland cities into seaports by means of ship-canals. The last proposal of this nature comes from an Italian engineer, Mr. Gabassi, who suggests that Rome should be connected with the sea by a channel fifteen and a half miles in length. The proposed canal which it is estimated would cost nearly $37,500,000, would have a width at the bottom of seventy-two feet and a depth of twenty-six feet, so that merchant ships of the largest kind could take advantage of it.

—A lap-robe for "use on the road," is of plain black cloth, lined with very warm-looking plaid material. A black border, about one inch wide, is covered with designs in yellow satin. The figures show horses, horse-shoes and other designs pleasing to lovers of driving.

FASHION NOTES.

—California blankets are now made into wrappers.

—Just now straight feathers lead the ostrich plumes in popularity.

—The full skirt of last season is again the favorite of young girls.

—White woolen tulle is a novelty in ball dresses; it is draped over white or colored silk.

—Parisian ball dresses are ornamented by flights of tiny stuffed birds or real butterflies.

—Sleeve-buttons with crystal tops, through which peer the faces of famous actresses, are novelties.

—Delicately tinted gray feather fans in a variety of forms are favorites, harmonizing with almost any toilette.

—Quite new are the sleeves slashed inside the arm almost to the shoulder showing lace or contrasting material.

—Silver and gold nets, studded with balls of silver and gold, are worn over pale-colored satins and brocaded silks.

—A flat necktie that has just been seen has size to recommend it if nothing else. It is 6½ inches in width by 10 inches in length.

—Capes of Persian lamb's wool, with sling sleeves, which only reach to the waist line, are worn as opera mantles by young girls.

—For young ladies there are small white toques of lamb's wool in pure white. The wings at the side and osprey at the top are all white.

—Panels and scarfs with ends to correspond are to be found in faille Francaise with satin and plush stripes. They are all in the evening shades.

—A new bath wrap has a black background both on the interior and exterior, the outside having large blue polka dots, and the inside the same dots in red.

—Buttons are of great size and are used for trimming without any raison d'etre. Their excessive use will probably cause the fancy for them to be short lived.

—Fancy smoking-caps are tufted, although some are capped with a single button and some in silk and lisle thread. Others are in bright-colored, even-colored stripes.

—The newest jerseys are made in tailor style, with as many seams as any lined basque, and are finished along the edges with rows of stitching or else a binding of braid.

—Boucle jersey cloth is a novelty. The surface is covered with small loops of various sizes. It is made in all the dark colors as well as in cream-white, rose and delicate blue.

—Young girls were never so much considered as at the present season in all sorts of garments and styles of goods for dress wear, and some of the goods distinctively juvenile are exquisite in style.

—A collarette of wide lace falls over the shoulders, a narrow straight turn-over collar finishing it at the throat, where it is fastened by a lace pin, from which depends a voluminous jabot of the wide lace.

—The designs of a worn-out brocade may be cut out and sown on another material, finishing the edges with the fine gold or silk cord, and thus making a most effective tablier, panel, quilles and plastron for a low or open corsage.

—A skating costume of dark green serge has a box-plaited skirt, ornamented with gold braid in a broad design on each plait. The short drapery is trimmed in the same way. The jacket and turban are trimmed with heavier fur.

—Effective dresses are made entirely of plain tulle in several shades of the same color. Blue arranged in this way is exceedingly beautiful, the outer skirt being of blue-white veiling, the deeper tints imparting a cloud-like effect to the costume. Shaded ostrich feathers are used for trimming these dresses.

—A basket-cloth house-jacket, with pockets and cuffs, and frogs for buttons, is a very handsome garment. Others; in almost countless numbers, have been described, and suffice it to say that new ones are being constantly received, and are open in best places for inspection.

—Among the novelties in canes are some having handles that conceal, each, one of a variety of different articles. One springs out a candle and candle-stick, another a dice-box and dice and another a corkscrew. A barrel-shaped handle can, by unscrewing, be transformed into a spyglass.

—In wristlets, new ribbed silks, in alternate and solid striped goods, are fashionable. There are also new Roman combinations and tartans and black and white, which have a plain but tasteful appearance. Vertical Roman stripes in cashmeres and wools are pretty and not expensive.

—Evening bonnets to correspond with the costume have the crowns of the figured material and the brims of the plain fabric of which the dress is composed. Tartan ribbons of velvet are used to trim felt bonnets, worn with tailor-made costumes. A bonnet of black tulle, embroidered with gold filigree, has the brim covered by plaited lace corresponding to the gold embroidered tulle. The only trimming is a knot of cream white velvet ribbon. The strings are of black velvet. A bonnet of gray ottoman silk has the brim lined with plush of the same color. It is trimmed with bows of gray satin ribbon, relieved by delicate pink feathers, arranged among the loops. The strings are of gray satin.

—A very tasteful novelty for trimming half-mourning dresses is white lace beaded with black jet, arranged into a slightly gathered tablier, or else in flounces superposed over a foundation of either white or mauve silk; a similar trimming is arranged upon the bodice by way of berthe or fichu. Clear crystal beads, either in white or colors, are those mostly used for embroidering elegant dresses; while the plain or even carved wooden beads are suitable only for costumes for the day and for the street, or again for trimming cloaks of wooden material. We make an exception for the pretty little wooden berries called "Job's tears," of which we have seen a deep fringe mixed with chenille, very prettily disposed round a large mantle of plush brocaded over ribbed silk.

HORSE NOTES.

—R. B. Conklin recently refused an offer of $20 000 for King Wilkes.

—Jack Trout, of Beacon Park, Boston, will come to Philadelphia, it is said.

—A New York man paid "Knapsack" McCarthy $800 for br. m. Lady Miller.

—The added money at Monmouth Park for the season of 1886 amounts to $150,000.

—Fred. Archer, the English jockey, is reported to be worth nearly a million dollars.

—Paradox, son of Sterling, is expected to prove the best cap horse in England this year.

—The once famous Sadie Belle, 2.24, is frequently seen upon the New York drives. She is now 14 years old.

—E. B. Thayer, Chicago, Ill., has bought the stallion Exception, seven years old, chestnut, by Stilson; dam Abdallah Maid, by Erie Abdallah.

—W. F. White, Jr., Lexington, has bought from Sidney Taylor, Millions, Ky., the horse Foxhound, six years old, bay, by Foster, dam Carrie D., by Don Juan.

—Honesty, the pacer, record 2.22, and Noontide, record 2.20¼, each once sold for $100.

—There are prospects of the organization of a trotting-horse breeders' association in New Jersey.

—The 2.30 list of horses for the season of 1886, so far as known, has been made out. By the 2.30 list is meant the recorded horses whose records made last season will require them to enter the 2.30 class the coming season.

—Winnings of American-bred horses in England last year were: Blue Grass, $8,899.75; Jolly Sir John, $5,035.37; Bolero, $3,354.26; Idea, $2,473.50; Eole, $1,091.25; Invalid, $275.75; Aristocrat, $217.03. Sachem, Passaic and Oliver did not win anything.

—The Louisville Great American Stallion Stake of 1888 is represented by the following stallions: Hindoo, Billet, Rebel, Miser, Blue Eyes, Whisper, Enquirer, Great Tom, Lake Blackburn, Bramble, Ten Broeck, Longfellow, Saracen, Kyrle Daly, Outcast, Springbok, Faustus, Hyder Ali, Grinstead, King Ban, Fellowcraft, Quartermaster and Hi Ban.

—The Kempton Park hurdle handicap race was run on the 2d and won by J. A. Wilson's aged brown horse Woodman, by Vodotte, out of Sherwood. The only other starter was Douglas Baird's six-year-old bay colt Man-of-war. Man-of-war was favorite in the betting, seven to four being offered on him, while two to one was offered against Woodman. The conditions were £10 each for starters, with £200 added, winning penalties, two miles, eight hurdles.

—Taking the aggregate number of additions to the 2.25 list for 1885 we find there are three less than the contribution for the previous year, which was 103. Comparisons show that while there is a slight falling off in the list for 1885, on the other hand there is an improvement in the speed average. Out of 103 horses that trotted in 2.25 or better for the first time in 1884, 55 were new to the 2.30 list, 58 old members lowered their record to 2.25 or better, and 28 of the old members of the 2.25 list got better marks. The 2.20 list now includes 154 members, an increase of 23 over 1884. In the entire list 17 of the sires have records of 2.30 or better themselves, and of the 17, 5 were contributors in 1885, namely: Nil Desperandum, 2.24; Sultan, 2.24; Pancoast, 2.21½; Black Pilot, 2.30; and and White Line, 2.30. These beat the figures of any previous year. Of the 154 performers in the list, 23 made their debuts last year. Taking these new comers by families, we find 10 are by Hambletonian sires, 6 of the Mambrino Chief family, 3 Blue Bulls, 1 Clay, 1 Vermont Black Hawk, 1 Pilot, and 1 of pacing ancestry. Electioneer and Blue Bull are the leading progenitors, having 3 each. In the female line we find six are out of Hambletonian dams, 3 out of Mambrino Chief mares, 3 out of Clays, 2 out of Vermont Black Hawk, and the balance out of mares of miscellaneous breeding.

—The Coney Island Jockey Club has opened a new three-year old stake, with $10,000 added, to be run in 1889, and which will be known as the Realization. The conditions of the great event are as follows: Realization Stakes, with $10,000 added, to be run at the June meeting in 1889, for then three-year-olds. Foals of 1886 to be entered by July 15; yearlings of 1887, by July 15, 1887, as follows: Foals of 1886, at $25 each, $50 forfeit unless declared out by July 15, 1887; $100 forfeit unless declared by July 15, 1888; yearlings entered by July 15, 1887, when the stake shall close, to pay $100 each, $300 forfeit unless declared by July 15, 1888; all starters to pay $250 additional; the second to receive $2,000 of the added money and 30 per cent. of the starting money; the third $1,000 of the added money and 20 per cent. of the starting money—starting money to mean the total amount at $250 each paid by starters. Colts to carry 122 pounds; fillies and geldings 119 pounds; non-winners of $5 000 allowed four pounds; of $3,000, seven pounds; of $1.000, ten pounds. Handicaps and selling races not reckoned as races. The produce of mares or stallions which have not produced a winner prior to Jan. 1, 1886, to be allowed three pounds or both five pounds. The produce to be entitled to such allowance in all cases at time of starting, whether claimed or not in the entry. By filing with the Coney Island Jockey Club an accepted transfer of the foal's entry, the original subscriber will be released from any liability as to the engagement, except as to the first forfeit of $25, leaving the purchaser liable for the same unless duly struck out. If the entry be accompanied by the entrance money, there shall be no disqualification on account of death of nominator or for other cause. In such cases the first subscription to be paid when making the entry, and this provision shall continue to apply if the subsequent amounts be remitted as they fall due according to the dates of declaration. Mile and five furlongs.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEB. 24, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞ Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

YOU CAN FIND US WITH A

A Better Assorted Stock

THAN EVER IN OUR ELEGANT NEW ROOMS IN

Merchants' Place, Bellefonte.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Horace Zerby moves to Nebraska the coming spring.

——Will Henney, of Potters Mills is low from consumption.

——Our old friend Ph. Kemp, of Pl. Gap, gave us a call.

——All the best cough drops in the market at Murray's drug store. tf

——Grenninger, at Coburn has sold his store to a party from Watsontown.

——German Canary Birds, all comparatively cheap at Murrays Drug Store.

——The old Snow Shoe depot, at Bellefonte, was burned on Tuesday night.

——We understand that Dr. Jacobs denies there is any scarlet fever in this locality.

——Sunday and Monday kept raw and windy; there was about half an inch of snow to cover the ground.

——Henry Beck has been appointed post-master at Madisonburg. A good appointment.

——A violent storm set in on Friday night of last week and kept up a fierce howl all day Saturday.

——Considerable damage has been done to grain fields in our valley, by thawing and freezing, this winter.

—— At Coburn potatoes are hauled to the cars at 36 cents per bushel. We think they would bring more in the spring.

——J. R. Lee, of Tussyville, will leave that locality and move to York, this state, next spring, where he will engage in the tanning business.

——Mr. W. W. Spangler, of near Potters Mills, favored our sanctum with a call. Will is one of the best citizens and farmers of the township.

——Philip Meyer will run a meat market at Millheim. Philip was a good miller and will kill none but best beef. Here's our horse-shoe, Philip.

——Mr. John F. Heckman, one of Gregg township's most useful citizens, gave our sanctum a call, and remained long enough to favor us with a pleasant chat.

——Another house is going up back of the toll gate. Mr. Fleck, of Reedsville, is putting it up for himself and expects to have it completed for occupancy by spring.

——The old school house at Aaronsburg is being remodeled by the overseer, to be used as a poor house to house some of Haines township's paupers during the coming year.

——Mr. J. D. Long, merchant at Spring Mills, gave the REPORTER a call. Mr. Long thinks of making a trip to Nebraska in the spring and spending the summer there.

—— Henry Weaver, of Aaronsburg drew a back pension that amounted to near a $1000. He has bought Capt. Harper's homestead, near the new church, and now we suppose will live and die happy.

——On Saturday last, a young man by name of Jerome Stambach, son of Rev. Stambach, had his leg broken above the knee by a kick from a mule. This happened at Kassler's saw-mill south of Aaronsburg.

——Mr. John Sankey, one of our valued citizens, comes to town, looking as though not in the best of health. Had he lived in the boro' no doubt he would have been traded off by those who follow trading with the rads.

—Mr. M'Laughlin, an expert western miller, has been engaged and now has charge of the Centre Hall roller mill. Patent flour is now being manufactured as also No. 1 straight grade—the work of the mill is equal to western flour.

——There has not been a single Sunday, for two months, that did not have unpleasant weather. He who ordains the weather is no respector of days, as we well know he is no respector of persons, and treats the high and the low alike.

——Charley Smith, of Middleburg, occupied the REPORTER sanctum, the other day, and *filled* the chair better than we ever could—Charley weighs in the neighborhood of a quarter of a ton. He is a genial fat man and one of the best Democrats in America.

——Some miscreants, says Mr. Joshua Potter, "sly as moonshiners," entered the grain house of R. H. Potter, who resides on the Potter homestead, by prying out the staple of the door and took away some 15 or 20 bushels of wheat from a large bin in the granary. This occurred one night last week.

——We furnished the financial statement of this county in our last issue. The report gives a healthy showing for the tax-payer. The debt of the county has again been reduced by the Commissioners in the last fiscal year, and if all outstanding sums are collected it will place a surplus in the county treasury The Commissioners have been faithful to their trust, and deserve the thanks of the people for their economical administration of the affairs of the county.

The report should be read by all. The statement is somewhat prolix and could be materially condensed and yet present the same showing satisfactorily.

——Centre Hall has lost one of its old residenters, in the death of Jacob Arney. Mr. Arney had been in feeble health all winter, and was slowly on the decline until Friday, when he died. Mr. Arney was a good citizen always; he was retired in his habits, and altho' living but two squares from the main part of our village he was rarely seen here unless when on actual business. He was a consistent member of the Reformed church. His funeral took place on last Tuesday, and was largely attended by relatives and friends.

——To show how deep is the interest some folks take in the town, we note: The railroad company would have made this a water station but one or two busybodies were unselfish enough to assure them that Centre Hall was the dryest spot in this section. When we think that our town supplies all the country around with water in dry seasons, this was a meritorious act. The fellow should be looked after with a microscope and elected to the town council for life.

——The purchase of the Centre Hall water works by the boro' is just now being agitated by some. As the matter of water works is one upon which we plead the ignoramous act, we express no opinion, but leave it entirely to the wise heads of our splendid little town to give light upon so damp a subject. Our town is noted for the best water and most perfect and cheap system of any town similarly situated anywhere.

——Reader, right here examine the address tab on this paper and remit us the amount shown to be due, or at least part, and we will put your name down for some high office. We need the money to pay that other fellow who owes you, but can't pay until you pay us. So you will get your money back and that will square accounts with three parties—but you must make the start, as you will perceive.

——A little daughter of Mrs. Della Brumgard, who is keeping house for H. W. Kreamer, of this place, was stricken with scarlet fever beginning of last week, and died on Saturday. This is a sad bereavement for the lady who has buried her husband and two children inside of four years. She was a sister of Mrs. Kreamer who died two weeks ago. Thus the house of our neighbor, Mr. Kreamer, has been again turned into mourning.

——The best assortment of cook stoves and ranges in Bellefonte is at J. Kyle McFarlane & Co's. The Regulator and Palace are the largest stoves made and cost less for repairs than any other. The above firm is daily receiving new goods, making their stock more complete than ever. Their cash prices are low as the lowest.

——The roller mill office, along with the main building, is now heated by steam. Centre Hall has the first steam heat on this side the county, and will have the first electric light. With this onward step there will be a new cause for howling by the unprogressive malcontents,—these are found in all towns and seem to be a sort of necessary evil to keep up strife.

——We direct attention to the advt. of the Logan Machine Works, Bellefonte, in REPORTER. Farmers and others needing any kind of foundry work, steam, gas, or other pipe fitting, will find them competent for any kind of job, at reasonable charges. Their Union Combined Anvil, Vise and Drill, as well as work on steam fitting, can be seen at the Centre Hall roller mill.

——Alfred Kreamer, living on Mrs. Lydia Meyer's farm, in Haines township, opened one of his barn doors and propped it but before he got away the wind tore it loose and striking Mr. Kreamer knocked him on the horse power where he was picked up and carried to the house insensible in which condition he lay quite a while.

——Mr. W. J. Alexander, a respected citizen of Spring Mills, says: "I have been terribly afflicted for more than two months with eruptions of the skin, over my whole body, even on my eye-lids, caused by a general deranged system. I used Dr. Smith's Salve and now I am in my usual health.' Sold at Murray's.

——A fine monument has been placed over the grave of Col. Josiah Neff, in the cemetery at this place. It is a fine granite stone and presents quite a fine appearance. It was put up by A. S. Stover, of Bellefonte.

——Hon. Ellis Garver, of Grant City, Mo., formerly of this place, is here on a visit. He is one of the young men who took the Greely advice, and is now serving his third term in the Missouri Legislature.

——A festival will be held in the M. E. Church, at Spring Mills, on March 1, 2 and 3. Proceeds for the benefit of the church.

——The new St. Luke's Evangelical church, of Millheim, will be dedicated next Sunday, Feb. 28. The services will be conducted by Bishop R. Dubs, D. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, assisted by a number of prominent clergymen from different parts of the conference. Preaching on Sunday morning at 10 a. m. by Bishop Dubs, in the English language; at 2 p. m. by the Bishop in the German language, and again in the evening by the Bishop in the English language. A cordial invitation is extended to all to come and hear one of the most profound thinkers and most eloquent of pulpit orators.

B. HENDST,
S. M. MOUNTZ,
Pastors.

——UNDERTAKING.—After April 1st, 1886, I will be well prepared to attend promptly to all the business of an undertager. Patronage respectfully solicited.
tf LEVI MURRAY, Centre Hall.

LOCAL ELECTIONS.

The following reached us too late for last week's issue:

HAINES.

West Precinct—Judge of Election, Aaron Weaver—Inspectors, Charles Bower, Z D Thomas—Reg. Ass'r, W Musser.

East Precinct—Judge of Election, J C Weaver—Inspectors, R E Stover, H Musser—Reg. Ass'r, J M Orndorf—Assessor, Wm. E Kune: Ass't Ass'r Adam Bartgees Noah Weaver—Tax Collector, M. Feidler—Supervisors, George B Stover, Henry Behm—School Directors, A. F. Kreamer, G. W. Kreiter—Overseers Poor, John Bower, M F Hess—Auditor, P. T. Musser—Constable, H. J. Crouse—Twp. Clerk, B F Haffley.

MILES.

Judge of Election, G Kreamer—Inspectors, J S Hasel, P D Winters—Assessor, J R Brumgard—Ass't Ass'rs, Reuben Gramley, Aud. Ocker—Tax Collector, J K Weber—Supervisors, W B Royer, J Garret—School Directors, Henry Miller, Charles H Brumgard—Overseer Poor, John Shaffer—Auditor, Henry Dutweiler—Constable, Ellis Breon—Twp. Clerk, C C Loose.

HARRIS.

Justice of the Peace, Fergus Potter—Judge of Election, W A Murray—Inspectors, Jas. Kimport, T V Hunter—Ass'r, J P Weber—Ass't Ass'rs, M Hess, G Swab—Tax Collector, C C Meyer—Supervisors, Peter Kuhn, Jesse Markel—School Directors, H Meyer, W McFarlane—Overseer Poor, W H Miller—Auditor, G W Williams—Constable, Wm. Meyers—Twp. Clerk, Chas. Moore.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Dale & Co., merchants at Farmers Mills, intend moving their store to Centre Hall.

The Methodists intend holding a festival in their church soon.

The Evangelical people of this place are about making a new charge of which Spring Mills is to be the centre. They have already made arrangements to to house the new minister.

We feel sorry to lose our good friend Chas. Knarr who is going west in a few weeks.

Music teachers are plenty: Misses Spigelmyer, Moyer and Bible and Prof. P. H. Meyer.

C. A. Krape intends moving into Mr. Krumrine's house.

Peter Wilson is again enjoying good health.

G. R. Spigelmyer and I. J. Grenoble are doing the booming business in town.

Who says, "Joe had a baby."

John Swarner will shortly take charge of Rank's wagon maker shop, when business will rightly be attended to.

C. O. D.

PENNS VALLEY.

THE FIRST SETTLER.

The first emigrant to Centre county was Andrew Boggs. His settlement was upon the Joseph Poultney warrantee. Poultney, in his application, No. 29, Apr. 3, 1769, describes the land he (1769) applies for as on the north side of Bald Eagle Creek, near the fording, including his improvement, marked on a white oak "J. P." Poultney's improvement amounted to nothing more than marking his claim, and he sold his right to Matthias Slough, a land speculator of Lancaster.

April 3, 1773, is the date of the deed of the Great Spring tract (Spring Mills) from Reuben Haines to George McCormick, the first settler of Gregg township, the ancestor of the Allisons. Haines' deed to John Watson is dated the same day, for the Ludwick Sheets warrantee, which lies on the turnpike north and outh, half way between Spring Mills and Millheim, and John Watson was the first settler in what is now Penn township. Samuel Hoy, who settled east of him, was the next settler in 1774.

In a trial between Col. Samuel Miles, plaintiff, and James Potter and John Barber, Esq., had Nov 30, 1810, George McCormick and other settlers were witnesses. George McCormick testifies:

"I was first in Penns Valley in 1773, and lived here in 1774. (Capt. James Potter's application described his land as including the forks of the road in Bald Eagle township.) I know the land upon which Mr. Barber lives. I have lived about two miles from it. The forks of the road were on the tract in dispute There are no forks from the Bald Eagle but this one. I was shown a corner tree, said to be a corner tract, just in the forks, and some time after I was called upon by General Potter to carry chain when the line was run, and going around it included a part of George Woods' improvement; we went close to his dwelling house, but left it out; when we came to his improvement we were at the place of beginning. George Woods came in in 1775, and his house was 200 or 300 perches below the forks, and purchased of Potter that year, and had 20 acres cleared before driven off by the Indians. He put up a cabin and cabin barn. We built forts in 1777. I abandoned the country in 1780. Fled in the winter of deep snow, was away three years and ten months. Fled about the 12 of April. The settlers returned generally in 1784 Woods did not return until 1785 or 1786 Gen. Potter lived first on the north side of the plains. He claimed the tract adjoining Barber's, and sold 100 acres of it to George Woods. Woods held a piece in his own right, and I purchased it of him. Woods' house was about thirty perches from the land I bought. Then came a piece of land I don't know who owned (Mr. Kerr here testifies that this tract was the Alexander Long, and still in Gen. Potter's family), then my land I bought of Haines (the Great Spring tract.)

"I was accquainted up and down the valley, and knew no place called 'the Forks' but this; one road went up and down the valley and one to McGrew's mills. Barber settled on the land after we returned from the war. McGrew's mill was begun the year I came to the valley. A path came over at Long's Gap; cannot say whether there was a path into the head of Brush valley or not. There was a path around the head of Nittany Mountain, and one went to Junkin's cabin and over to Stone valley. There was a path from where I lived across Georges valley to Kishacoquillas. McGrew brought his family in, I think, in 1773. Woods' cabin was on the north side of Sinking Creek, 15 or 17 perches from the creek. He has since built on the other side. He removed to the south side on a purchase he made from Gen. Potter. I lived on the land bought of Haines, and understood by the 'Plains' that part of Penns valley which had neither timber or water. Wilcot was the only settler in Penn's valley in 1772. He lived where Earlystown now is. In 1774 I came, and there were only four settlers before me, —Potter, McGrew, J. McMullen and Hubler. Four came the same day with me. Gen. Potter surveyed a road from Haines' road to where he lived, old fort, and soon afterward Gen. Potter went with the first militia.

"The path from Bald Eagle; one fork, called Logan's fork, took off where I lived, and went to Kishacoquillas; this ten miles from the Great Plains. The other fork from my place went to Buffalo valley. There was another fork in the plains, one branch of which led to Standing Stone, ten or twelve miles from the forks which led to McGrew's mills. The forks to Standing Stone were above the Great Plains. Don't remember of any fork leading to Brush valley. I knew Mr. Maclay and Potter; at great variance before the war, not much after. The plains came nigh to Sinking Creek."

At May session of Northumberland county, Potter township was erected out of Penns, Buffalo and Bald Eagle, bounded eastward by a north-west line from the top of Jack's Mountain, in the Narrows, to the top of Nittany Mountain; thence along the top to end thereof at Spring Creek, on the old path; thence south-southeast to the top of Tusseys' Mountein; thence along the county line to the top of Jack's Mountain, and along the same to the beginning. Potter therefore included Brush valley and Penns valley as far west as Lemont, and a portion of Hartley township, in Union county.

POTTER TWP. ASSESSMENT, 1774.

	Horses.	Cattle.	
Alexander, Joseph	1	1	
Brown, Thomas	1	1	
Davis, Maurice	..	1	
Davis, Jonathan	..	1	
Hoy, Samuel	2	3	
Livingston, John	1	1	
McConnell, John	1	1	
McCormick, George	1	1	
McGrew, Joseph	1	1	*grist and saw-mill*
McMillin, Joseph	2	1	
McNitt, James	1	1	
McNitt, John	1	1	one negro
McNitt, Robert	..	..	
McNitt, William	1	1	one servant.
Potter, James	3	4	three servants.
Thompson, Wm	1	1	[new settler.]

The first constable of the township was John McMullen, who was continued in 1775.

The above assessment indicated the date of the erection of the first mill and saw-mill in the valley. McGrew mill was on the site of what is known as the Red Mill, in Potter township, now, 1882, owned by George M. Harter. The four McNitts were among the early settlers of Armagh township, Mifflin county, as was Wm. Thompson, which would indicate that the lines of Potter included or was then supposed to include, the east end of Kishacoquillas valley. There is a confusion in the legislative description of county boundaries apparently which I am unable to explain. The list also fixes the date of Captain (afterwards Gen.) Potter's removal from Buffalo valley to Penns valley. A fragment of "a list of Capt. Potter's vendue, April 7, 1774," on which the purchasers are Old Buffalo valley names, corroborates the assessment.

June 8th, Daniel Long, a black-smith, purchased of Reuben Haines the Valentine Epler warrantee tract, in Gregg township, where H. J. Herring, Esq., J. Condo, etc., now live, and on which the Lutheran church now stands, east of Penn Hall. 333 acres were in the tract. Long sold to Adam Reed in 1794. Reed was also a blacksmith.

June 17th, John Livingston bought of Haines 996 acres, comprising the John Schyner, George Beckell, Jacob Miller, and Philip Young warrantees, along the north side of Penns Creek, extending from a point about 130 rods above the forks, west 532 rods to a white walnut, and from the white walnut 416 perches northerly to a white oak, now occupied by Harners, Stovers, Fiedlers, etc., in Penn twp.—*Linn Hist. Centre Co.*

TO PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE SOLDIERS.

Any soldier of the Pennsylvania Reserves, who was mustered into the Union States service and honorably discharged before serving two years, can hear of something to his advantage, by addressing W. Hayes Grier, Harrisburg. Any officer of the Reserves, who was promoted from the ranks, can also hear similar news by addressing Mr. Grier, who was a member of company A, Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves.

STORE FOR SALE.—A very desirable stock of general merchandise, occupying one of the most desirable business stands in Centre county, is offered for sale by Trumpheller & Vonada, in Coburn. For further particulars apply to,
H. H. TRUMPFHELLER,
24feb2t New Columbia, Pa.

SELECT SCHOOL.—The undersigned will open a select school, in Centre Hall, beginning during April. Tuition from $2 to $4. C. M'C. RISHEL.

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——Corn meal grists will be ground at the Centre Hall roller mill, Tuesday and Saturday of each week. tf

MUSICAL COLLEGE—The 29th Session of Six Weeks, opens Monday evening, April 26, for the teaching and training of young ladies in vocal and instrumental music. Address, F. C. MOYER, Musical Director, Freeburg, Pa. 24feb1m

DIED.

On 16 inst, at Spring Mills, Mrs. Evans, wife of Wm. B. Evans, Esq., aged 78 years.

On 3 instant, Catharine A., wife of Andrew J. Stover, of Haines twp., after a brief illness, aged 36 years, 10 months, 15 days.

Sale March 20.

PUBLIC SALE.—One-half mile east of Centre Hill, on the Barnet Wagner farm, on Saturday, March 20, at 1 p. m.: 2 good heavy farm mares, 4 cows, one fresh, heifer, 2 calves, 3 head young cattle, 1 bull 2 years old, 2 breeding Sows, 7 pigs, 2 shoats, Chesterwhite boar, Champion reaper and mower, Willoby grain drill, 1 south Bend plow, 2 Centre Hall plows, Centre Hall cornplanter, 2 harrows, single trees, evener, barrel cider vinegar, and household furniture.
MALCHIA CROTZER.
D. R. Sweetwood, Auct.

Sale March 18.

PUCLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, in Centre Hall, on Thursday, March 18. One good mare with foal, one cow, 2 shoats, household furniture, 3 stoves, and many other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock p. m.
W. R. CAMP.

NOTICE.—The Auditors of Potter Twp. will meet the boards of Overseers and Supervisors to audit accounts of same, at the public house of J. H. Odenkirk, Old Fort, on second Monday of March, 1886, at 9 a. m., where all interested may attend.
W. W. SPANGLER.
J. J. ARNEY
J. G. DAUBERMAN,
Auditors.

JOHN F. STRATTON,
49 Maiden Lane, N.Y.,
Importer & Wholesale Dealer in
ACCORDEONS,
Month Harmonicas and all kinds of Musical Merchandise, Russian Gut Violin Strings,
Band Instruments. Send for catalogue.

MARRIED.

On 7, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, J. M. Weaver, of Woodward, and Miss Fannie M. Bower, of Rebersburg.

Feb. 7, by same, in Aaronsburg, Jas. W. Smith and Miss Irene C. Reinhart, both of Haines twp.

On 4, by Rev. P. C. Weidemeyer, George W. Vonada and Miss Edith S. Smith, both of Gregg twp.

At the Lutheran parsonage Nittany, Pa., Feb. 4, by Rev. John Brubaker, Benjamin Kauffman to Miss Lizzie White, both of Zion, Pa.

Sale March 10.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 1½ miles east of Tusseyville, Wednesday, March 10, at 1 p. m.: 1 mare, 8 years old, heavy with colt; 1 horse, 5 yrs. old, 1 cow, calf, Chesterwhite sow, spring wagon, buggy, threshing machine and skaker, reaper combined, 2-horse cultivator, set tug harness, set single harness, hay fork and rope complete, one chopper machine, fat press, sausage stuffer, cook stove, coal stove, table, cupboard, lot of chairs, bed stead, and other articles.
JACOB R. LEE.

Sale March 19.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, ½ mile east of Boalsburg, Friday, March 19, at 1 p. m.: One bay mare with foal, one black horse, 2 cows, 5 shoats, 2 sets of tug harness, set single harness, set flynets, 2-horse wagon, 1-horse spring wagon, open buggy, sleigh, sled, hay rake, grain drill, 2 plows, harrow, hay fork and rope, cider mill, 20 acres of grain in the ground, 2 grain cradles, corn planter, dinner bell, riding saddle, fanning mill, bed stead, table, sink, forks, rakes, double trees, chains, lot bags, scoop shovel, set hay ladders, and many other articles.
Wm. Goheen, Auct. A. OSMAN.

SALE MARCH 24, one mile west of Pine Grove Mills, at 9 a. m., sharp. Horses, Mules, Cattle Sheep, Farm Implements, and Household goods.
J. HALE ROSS.

Sale March 6.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Centre Hall, on Saturday March 6, at 12:30 p. m.: One horse, buggy and pole, 2 sets single harness, set plow gears, 2 pairs flynets, 2 heavy collars, grind stone, cutting box, shovels, hoes, picks, hods, forks, iron kettle, digging iron, chains, 4 wheelbarrows, 2 well buckets, sled, string of bells, 3 halters, one heater, lot kindling wood, lot lumber, No. 8 cooking stove, coal stove, parlor suit, sink, 3 tables, 3 bed steads, ¾ dozen wood-seat chairs, ¾ doz. cane-seat chairs, 4 rocking chairs, lounge, brass kettle, dishes, &c.
HORACE ZERBY.

LOTS AT PRIVATE SALE.—Three several parcels of ground, at and near Potters Mills, willed by Joseph Carson, dec'd, to Mrs. M. E. Hutchenson, are offered at private sale. One lot, containing about 18 acres, known as the Wason property, with a tenant house thereon; another lot, known as the Toner property, with a small dwelling thereon: the other a tract of mountain land, one mile south of Potters Mills. For further particulars apply to, WM. M. ALLISON,
10feb6t Potters Mills, Pa.,
Agent for Mrs. M. E. Hutchinson.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Wm. Kerr, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
G. L. GOODHART,
3feb6t O. A. KERR,
Executors, Centre Hill, Pa.

NOTICE.—We hereby give notice to all persons holding notes or bonds against Centre County, to present them at the Commissioners' office on the first day of April next. After that date the payment of interest will stop.
JOHN WOLF,
J. C. HENDERSON,
10feb3t A. J. GREIST.
Bellefonte, Feb. 3, 1886. Commissioners.

Sale March 3.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, about one mile east of Old Fort, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3: Two horses, 3 milch cows, 2-year old bull, 3 yearling calves, threshing machine, horse power and shaker, grain drill, fanning mill, cornplanter, cornplows, large cultivator, corn scrapers, cultivators, South Bend chilled plows, feed cutter, 2-horse wagon, new top buggy and pole, sleigh, 2-horse sled, log sled, hay fork, rope and pulley, log chain, breast chains, 12 cow chains, 20 feet of cable chain, butt chains, rakes, forks, scoop shovels, grain bags, grain cradle, mowing sythe, grindstone, 2 sets dung boards, 2 sets hay ladders, corn in the ear, topped corn fodder, horse gears, 2 sets harness, 4 sets cruppers, collars, bridles, riding saddle, team saddle, 2 fine driving nets, 5 sets heavy nets, scalding trough, chopper machine, meat bench, fat press, ½ bl. saurkraut, 2 bl. cider vinegar, 20 gal. soft soap, 36 gal. copper kettle, large iron kettle, wash boiler, plank field drag, hay rakes, 80 ft. 4¼ in. leather belting, 40 ft. double ladder, with rope and pulley, 12 ft. ladder, crowbar, digging iron, 2½ in. post auger, 5 ft cross saw, buck saw, ¼ interest in power saw, bag cart, wheelbarrow, shoeing tools and box, 2 strings of sleigh bells, good hand corn sheller, roofing lath, boards, shingles, saurkraut knife, 400 lb. beam scales, canned fruit, household furniture, hathaway stove, iron air-tight wood stove, beds and bedsteads, corner cupboard, sink with top cupboard, large bureau, 3 wash stands, flour stand with castors, chest, stove pipe, lounge, looking glass, extension and other tables, ½ dozen cane-seated chairs, arm chairs, queenswars, stoneware, tubs, meat vessels, barrels, washing machine, sewing machine, potatoes by the bushel, and other articles. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, sharp.
Wm. Goheen, Auct. MRS. E. C. GROVE

Sale March 4.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 2½ miles east of CENTRE HALL, on Thursday, MARCH 4: Three good work horses, 6 milk cows, (2 fresh,) 2 two-year old bulls, five yearling bulls, 1 1-year-old heifer, four calves, all horn cattle are No. 1 shorthorn breed; one Yorkshire sow and pigs, six No. 1 shoats, broad-wheel wagon and box good as new, good two-horse wagon, Champion combined reaper with rake and dropper, good grain drill, good land-roller, Millheim cultivator, No. 1 hay rake, long sled, new log sled, carriage, good fanning mill, good set of hay ladders, 28 ft. long; 2 new South Bend plows, 2 Mollie Stark plows, Heckendorn plow, corn scraper, Centre Hall planter, double shovel plow, 2 good harrows, 2 1-horse cultivators, hay fork and pulleys, one harpoon, Lewisburg feed cutter, double and single trees, fifth chain, Lidey grain cradle, manure sled, wagon hoister, six good hand rakes, 2 three-tongue hay forks, 4 shaking forks, other forks, grubing hoe, shovel, emory grind stone, 2 buggy poles, pair double harness, pair new heavy brichbands, set of cruppers, 2 set of plow gears, collars, hames, check lines, 2 single lines, bridles, halters, 2 head reins, 4 good nets, about 25 steer chains, collar chains, cross-cut saw, and many other articles. Sale to commence at 9 o'clock.
J. N. Leitzel, Auct. GEORGE DURST.

Sale March 2.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, one mile west of FARMERS MILLS, on Tuesday, MARCH 2: Four head of horses, 1 stallion 3 years old, 1 mare 3 years old, 1 horse 2 years old, 1 brood mare with colt 7 years old, 1 one year old colt, 1 spring colt, 3 cows, 1 bull two years old, 1 heifer 2 years old, 5 yearling calves, 10 head of sheep, 7 hogs, 4-horse wagon, 2-horse wagon, 2-horse spring wagon, hay rake, reaper, 2-horse cultivator, 2 1-horse cultivators, drill, Barbeer plow, Imperial plow, Bull plow, 2 shovel plows, grind stone, hay fork and rope, threshing machine, shaker and power, fanning mill, 2-horse sled, 2 pairs spreads, double and whipple trees, log chain, fifth chain, set tug harness, set front gears, set plow gears, 3 set flynets, collars, bridles, 2 pair bed steads, table, dinner bell, etc. Sale at 10 o'clock.
J. N. Leitzel, Auct. JACOB HOMAN.

Sale Feb. 25.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, ½ mile north of Tusseyville, on THURSDAY, FEB. 25: One bay mare, 7 years old; 1 King George colt; 4 cows (one fresh.) 1 bull, 1 calf, 4 Chester White shoats, one new Conkling wagon, new top buggy, new Buckeye grain drill, strawcutter, plow, harrow, cultivator, pair of hayladders, 1-horse sled, good grain cradle, double and single trees, set of cruppers, set of breech bands, single harness, collar and breast strap, set of fly-nets, collar and bridles, 2 hair-stuffed collars, checks and other lines, grain bags, ½ interest in Osborne mowing machine. Household Goods. Cook and room stoves, new ten-foot extension table, bedsteads, tables, chairs, meat vessels, 2 barrels vinegar, &c. Sale at 12 o'clock.
WM. GROSSMAN.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Hereafter subscribers to the REPORTER, who will remit one year's subscription in advance can retain **25** Cents as a premium for advance pay.

Any of our subscribers sending us the names of two new subscribers with the cash one year in advance, will get one year's credit free on REPORTER.

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 22, 1886.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		32
" Western "		30
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	24
" " " "	bbls	24
Western, ex brands	crates	24
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	10
" mixed "	"	9
" Western, straight	"	6
" " mixed	"	8½
Roosters	"	6
Ducks, Spring	"	12
Turkeys	"	10
DRESSED POULTRY.		
Turkeys, extra, young	per lb	12
" poor to medium	"	10
" old toms	"	9
Spring Chickens, dry picked	"	13
" scalded	"	10
" Ducks	"	14
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb	7½
" Fair to good	"	6 6½
" Common stock	"	3 4½
Sheep, prime	"	5
Lambs, extra	"	6¾
Live Cattle	"	5½
Hogs, live	"	5⅝
Pigs, live	"	4 5½
Dressed Pork	"	5 6
NUTS.		
Chestnuts, per bushel	$2 00	2 25
Shellbarks, do		80
Walnuts, do	45	50
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.		
Cabbage	per 100	$4 00
Apples, new	per bbl	1 75
Potatoes, Early Rose	per bus	60
" Burbanks, choice	"	60
" Mixed Lots	"	50
HAY AND STRAW.		
Timothy, choice	per ton	$18 00
" fair	" 12 00	16 00
Cut Hay	"	21 00
Rye Straw	"	20 00
Wheat Straw	"	11 00
Oat Straw	"	10 00
SEEDS.		
Timothy	per bu 1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb 9½	10
Flax	per bu	1 40
CHEESE.		
N Y Factory, choice		10¾
Ohio, fat, fine		9¾
DRIED FRUIT.		
Pitted Cherries	per lb 9	10½
Raspberries	"	14
Blackberries	" 7	8½
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	"	8½
do pared	"	10
Apples, ¾s	"	2
do sliced	"	4
BEANS.		
New Marrow	per bus	1 75
Old do	"	
Marrow Pea Bean	"	1 50
White Kidney Bean	"	1 90
Red do do	"	2 00
Green Peas	"	1 15
WOOL.		
Tub-Washed	per lb 32	35
Unwashed	" 22	25
FEATHERS.		
Choice Geese	per lb	50
Prime "	" 47	49
Chicken	" 4	7
Turkey, as to quality	" 7	6
Duck	" 25	30
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry	per lb 10	11
Calf, Salted	" 11	12
Hides, Green, Steer	" 6	7
" " Cow	" 4	5
" " Bull	" 4	5
" Salted Steer	" 9	9½
" " Cow	"	8½
Sheep Skins, per piece	35	1 25
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb 6¼	7
Tallow, Solid	"	7
" Cake	"	5¼
Honey in Comb	"	16
Country Soap	"	5

☞ Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuation

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Philadelphia, Feb'y 16.—Wheat was dull and ½ lower with 87 bid and 88½ asked for Feb.; 88½ bid and 89½ asked for March. Corn was dull quiet and, with 47½ bid and 48¾ asked for February, Mar. and May. Oats were steady, with 39½ bid and 40½ asked for February; 39½ bid and 40¾ asked for Mar.

THE CATTLE MARKET.

Beef cattle—Extra 5¼a6¼ cents, good 4¼a5¼c, medium 3¾a4¼c, common 2¼a3¼c.

Sheep were in fair demand and firm. Extra 5¼a5½c, good 4¼a5¼c, common 3a3¾c.

Lambs, at 3¾a7c.

Hogs were inactive, at 6¼a6½c.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	16	Eggs	18
Ham	12	Sides	7
Shoulders	7	Potatoes	50
Lard	6		

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GRAIN MRKETS.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, Red	$ 87	Oats	$ 30
Wheat, White	82	Rye	56
Corn, shelled	43	Barley, No. 1	60

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

COAL.

Egg	$4 50	Small Stove	$ 4 65
Broken	4 50	Pea	2 90
Lump	4 90	Soft	2 50
Chestnut	4 90		

FLOUR AND FEED.

Best Roller Flour	$ 4 40	Bran per ton	16 50
2d Best Roll'r Flour	4 25	Bran, retail, cwt.	90
Middlings per ton	15 50	Chop per ton	22 00
		" retail per cwt	1 20

Prices at J. D. Long & Son's,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Small Stove Coal	$ 4 30	White & mixed	$ 80
Chestnut	4 20	Butter	18
Egg	4 10	Eggs	20
Pea	2 85	Potatoes	35
Snow Shoe	2 80	Lard	6
Red Wheat	85	Pork	5
Beef	5c to 8c.		

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration de bonis non upon the estate of Daniel Fauber, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
20jan6t WM. WOLF, Adm'r.
Centre Hall, Pa.

Sale Feb. 27.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the late residence of Geo. Long, dec'd, near Farmers Mills, on Saturday, FEBRUARY 27, at 1 p. m.: Two horses, 2 cows, 1 heifer, 2 head of sheep, lot of harness, bob-sled, log sled, and chain, stove, bureau, table, 4 chairs, 2 bed steads, corn sheller, scalding trough, etc. BARBARA LONG,
Administrat